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FOR

Readings AND Recitations

Number 18

COMPILED BY

SILAS S. NEFF, B. O.

Principal of The National School of Elocution and Oratory

PHILADELPHIA

The Penn Publishing Company

1890

RECAP)

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BEST SELECTIONS

FOR READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

NUMBER 18.

ABSOLUTION.

THREE months had passed since she had knelt before

The grate of the confessional, and he,—
The priest, had wondered why she came no more
To tell her sinless sins—the vanity
Whose valid reason graced her simple dress—
The prayers forgotten, or the untold beads—
The little thoughtless words, the slight misdeeds,
Which made the sum of her unrighteousness.
She was the fairest maiden in his fold
With her sweet mouth and musical pure voice,
Her deep gray eyes, her hair's tempestuous gold,
Her gracious, graceful figure's perfect poise,
Her happy laugh, her wild, unconscious grace,
Her gentle ways to old, or sick, or sad,
The comprehending sympathy she had,
Had made of her the idol of the place.

And when she grew so silent and so sad,
So thin and quiet, pale and hollow-eyed,
And cared no more to laugh and to be glad
With other maidens by the waterside—
All wondered ; kindly grieved the elders were,

And some few girls went whispering about,
"She loves—who is it? Let us find it out!"
But never dared to speak of it to her.

But the priest's duty bade him seek her out
And say, "My child, why dost thou sit apart?
Hast thou some grief? Hast thou some secret doubt?
Come and unfold to me thy inmost heart.
God's absolution can assuage all grief
And all remorse and woe beneath the sun.
Whatever thou hast said or thought or done,
The Holy Church can give thy soul relief."

He stood beside her, young and strong, and swayed
With pity for the sorrow in her eyes—
Which, as she raised them to his own, conveyed
Into his soul a sort of sad surprise—
For in those gray eyes had a new light grown,
The light that only bitter love can bring,
And he had fancied her too pure a thing
For even happy love to dare to own.

Yet all the more he urged her on—"Confess,
And do not doubt some comfort will be lent
By Holy Church thy penitence to bless.
Trust her, my child." With unconvinced consent
She answered, "I will come;" and so at last
Out of the summer evening's crimson glow,
With heart reluctant and with footsteps slow,
Into the cool great empty church she passed.

"By my own fault, my own most grievous fault,
I cannot say, for it is not!" she said,

Kneeling within the gray stone chapel's vault ;
 And on the ledge her golden hair was spread
 Over the clasping hands that still increased
 Their nervous pressure, poor white hands and thin,
 While with hot lips she poured her tale of sin
 Into the cold ear of the patient priest.

"Love broke upon me in a dream ; it came
 Without beginning, for to me it seemed
 That all my life this thing had been the same,
 And never otherwise than as I dreamed.
 I only knew my heart, entire, complete,
 Was given to my other self, my love—
 That I through all the world would gladly move
 So I might follow his adored feet.

"I dreamed my soul saw suddenly appear
 Immense abysses, infinite heights unknown ;
 Possessed new worlds, new earths, sphere after sphere,
 New sceptres, kingdoms, crowns became my own.
 When I had all, all earth, all time, all space,
 And every blessing, human and divine,
 I hated the possessions that were mine,
 And only cared for his beloved face."

* * * * *

"Child, have you prayed against it?" "Have I
 prayed ?

Have I not clogged my very soul with prayer,
 Stopped up my ears with sound of praying, made
 My very body faint with kneeling there
 Before the sculptured Christ, and all for this,
 That when my lips can pray no more, and sleep
 Shuts my unwilling eyes, my love will leap
 To dreamland's bounds, to meet me with his kiss ?

"Strive against this?—What profit is the strife?

If through the day a little strength I gain,
At night he comes, and calls me 'love' and 'wife,'
And straightway I am all his own again.

And if from love's besieging force my fight
Some little victory has hardly won,

What do I gain? As soon as day is done
I yield once more to love's delicious night."

* * * * *

"And who is he to whom thy love is given?"

"What? Holy Church demands to know his name?

No rest for me on earth, no hope of heaven

Unless I tell it? Ah! for very shame
I cannot—yet why not? I will!—I can!

I have grown mad with brooding on my curse.

Here! Take the name, no better and no worse
My case will be—Father, thou art the man!"

An icy shock shivered through all his frame—

An overwhelming cold astonishment,
But on the instant the revulsion came.

* * * * *

And, with a calm voice, he answered her at last:

"Child, go in peace! Wrestle, and watch, and pray,

And I will spend this night in prayer for thee,
That God will take thy strange, deep grief away.

Thou hast confessed thy sin. Absolve-te."

Silence most absolute a little while,

Then passed the whisper of her trailing gown
Over the knee-worn stones, and soft died down
The dim, deserted, incense-memored aisle.

She passed away, and yet, when she was gone,

His heart still echoed her remembered sigh:

What sin unpardonable had he done
 That evermore those gray unquiet eyes
 Floated between him and the dying day?
 How had she grown so desperately dear?
 Why did her love-words echo in his ear
 Through all the prayers he forced his lips to say?

* * * * *

The moon had bathed the chancel with her light,
 But now she crept into a cloud. No ray
 Was left to break the funereal black of night
 That closely hung around the form that lay
 So tempest-tossed within, so still without.

"O God! I love her, love her, love her so!
 Oh, for one spark of heaven's fire to show
 Some way to cast this devil's passion cut!

* * * * *

"Christ, by Thy passion, by Thy death for men,
 Oh, save me from myself, save her from me!"

* * * * *

But as the ghostly moon began to fade,
 And moonlight glimmered into ghostlier dawn,
 The shadow which the crucifix had made
 With twilight mixed: and with it seemed withdrawn
 The peace that with its shadowy shape began,
 And as the dim east brightened, slowly ceased
 The wild devotion that had filled the priest—
 And with full sunlight he sprang up—a man!

* * * * *

He strode straight down the church and passed along
 The grave-set garden's dewy grass-grown slope;
 The woods about were musical with song,
 The world was bright with youth, and love, and hope;

The flowers were sweet, and sweet his visions were,
The sunlight glittered on the lily's head,
And on the royal roses red,
And never had the earth seemed half so fair.

Soon would he see her—soon would kneel before
Her worshiped feet, and cry : “I am thine own,
As thou art mine, and mine for evermore !”
And she should kiss the lips that had not known
The kiss of love in any vanished year.
And as he dreamed of his secured delight,—
Round the curved road there slowly came in sight
A mourning band, and in their midst a bier.

He hastened to pass on. Why should he heed
A bier—a blot on earth's awakened face ?
For to his love-warm heart it seemed indeed
That in sweet summer's bloom death had no place.
Yet still he glanced—a pale concealing fold
Veiled the dead, quiet face—and yet—and yet—
Did he not know that hand, so white and wet ?
Did he not know those dripping curls of gold ?

“We came to you to know what we should do,
Father : we found her body in the stream,
And how it happened, God knows !” One other knew—
Knew that of him had been her last wild dream—
Knew the full reason of that life-disdain—
Knew how the shame of hopeless love confessed
And unreturned had seemed to stain her breast,
Till only death could make her clean again.

They left her in the church where sunbeams bright
Gilded the wreathéd oak and carven stone

With golden floods of consecrating light;
And here at last, together and alone,
The lovers met, and here upon her hair
He set his lips, and dry-eyed kissed her face,
And in the stillness of the holy place
He spoke in tones of bitter blank despair:

"Oh, lips so quiet, eyes that will not see!
Oh, clinging hands that not again will cling!
This last poor sin may well be pardoned thee,
Since for the right's sake thou hast done this thing.
Oh, poor weak heart, forever laid to rest,
That could no longer strive against its fate,
For thee high heaven will unbar its gate,
And thou shalt enter in and shalt be blessed.

"The chances were the same for us," he said,
"Yet thou hast won, and I have lost the whole;
Thou wouldst not live in sin, and thou art dead—
But I—against thee I have weighed my soul,
And, losing thee, have lost my soul as well."

E. NESBIT.

WOMEN'S DISPOSITIONS.

(By permission of the Ladies' Home Journal.)

OUR disposition is much of our own making. We admit there is great difference in natural constitutions. Some persons are born cross; some are from infancy light and happy. But while we may all from our childhood have a certain bent given to our disposition, much depends upon ourselves whether we will be happy or miserable.

You will see in the world chiefly that for which you look. A farmer going through the country chiefly examines the farms, an architect the buildings, a merchant the condition of the markets, a minister the churches; and so a woman going through the world will see the most of that for which she especially looks. She who is constantly looking for troubles will find them stretching off into gloomy wildernesses, while she who is watching for blessings will find them hither and thither extending in harvests of luxuriance.

Like most garments, like most carpets, everything in life has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it around, find troubles on the other side; or you can take the greatest trouble, and by turning it round, find joys on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once, nor does the greatest of life's calamities. The earth in its revolutions manages about right—it never has darkness all over at the same time. Sometimes it has night in America, and sometimes in China, but there is some part of the earth constantly in the bright sunlight. My friends, do as the earth does. When you have trouble, keep turning round, and you will find sunlight somewhere. Amid the thickest gloom through which you are called to pass, carry your own candle. A consummate fret will, in almost every instance, come to nothing. Fretfulness will kill anything that is not in its nature immortal.

There is a large class of women in constant trouble about their health, although the same amount of strength in a cheerful woman would be taken as healthiness. You fear to accost her with, "How are you today?" for that would be the signal for a shower of com-

plaints. She is always getting a lump on her side, an enlargement of the heart or a curve in the spine. If some of these disorders did not actually come she would be sick all the same—sick of disappointment. If you should find her memorandum book, you would discover in it recipes for the cure of all styles of diseases, from softening of the brain in a woman, down to the bots in a horse. Her bed-room shelf is an apothecary-infantum, where medicines of all kinds may be found, from large bottles full of head-wash for diseased craniums, down to the smallest vial for the removing of corns from the feet. Thousands of women are being destroyed by this constant suspicion of their health.

Others settle down into a gloomy state from forebodings of trouble to come. They do not know why it is, but they are always expecting that something will happen. They imagine about one presentiment a week. A bird flies into the window, or a salt-cellar upsets on the table, or a cricket chirps on the hearth, and they shiver all over, and expect a messenger speedily to come in hot haste to the front door and rush in with evil tidings.

Oh! do away with all forebodings as to the future. Cheer up, disconsolate ones! Go forth among nature. Look up toward the heavens insufferably bright by day, or at night when the sky is merry with ten thousand stars, joining hands of light, with the earth in the ring, going round and round with gleam, and dance, and song, making old Night feel young again. Go to the forest, where the woodman's axe rings on the trees, and the solitude is broken by the call of the woodsparrow, and the chewink starting up from among the huckleberry-bushes. Go to where the streams leap down off the rocks, and their crystal heels clatter over the white

pebbles. Go to where the wild flowers stand drinking out of the mountain-brook and, scattered on the grass, look as if all the oreads had cast their crowns at the foot of the steep. Hark to the fluting of the winds and the long-metre psalm of the thunder! Look at the Morning coming down the mountains, and Evening drawing aside the curtain from heaven's wall of jasper, amethyst, sardonyx, and chalcedony! Look at all this, and then be happy.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D.

"IMPH-M."

WHEN I was a laddie lang syne at the schule,
 The maister aye ca'd me a dunce an' a fule;
 For somehoo his words I could ne'er un'erstan',
 Unless when he bawled "Jamie, haud oot yer han'!"
 Then I gloom'd, and said "Imph-m,"
 I glunch'd, and said "Imph-m"—
 I wasna' owre proud, but owre dour to say—A-y-e!

Ae day a queer word, as lang-nebbits' himsel',
 He vow'd he would thrash me if I wadna spell,
 Quo I, "Maister Quill," wi' a kin' o' a swither,
 "I'll spell ye the word if ye'll spell me anither:
 Let's hear ye spell 'Imph-m,'
 That common word 'Imph-m,'
 That auld Scotch word 'Imph-m,' ye ken it means
 A-y-e!"

Had ye seen hoo he glour'd, hoo he scratched his big
 pate,
 An' shouted, "Ye villain, get oot o' my gate!"

Get aff to yer seat! yer the plague o' the schule!
The de'il o' me kens if yer maist rogue or fule!"

But I only said "Imph-m,"

That pawkie word "Imph-m,"

He couldna spell "Imph-m," that stands for an A-y-e!

An' when a brisk wooer, I courted my Jean—

O'Avon's braw lasses the pride an' the queen—

When neath my gray plaidie, wi' heart beatin' fain,

I speired in a whisper if she'd be my ain,

She blushed, an' said "Imph-m,"

That charming word "Imph-m,"

A thousan' times better an' sweeter than A-y-e!

Just ae thing I wanted my bliss to complete—

Ae kiss frae her rosy mou', couthie an' sweet—

But a shake o' her head was her only reply—

Of course, that said No, but I kent she meant A-y-e,

For her twa een said "Imph-m,"

Her red lips said, "Imph-m,"

Her hale face said "Imph-m," an "Imph-m" means
A-y-e!

An' noo I'm a dad wi' a hoose o' my ain—

A dainty bit wifie, an' mair than ae wean;

But the warst o't is this—when a question I speir,

They pit on a look sae auld-farran' an' queer,

But only say "Imph-m,"

That daft-like word "Imph-m,"

That vulgar word "Imph-m"—they winna say—A-y-e!

Ye've heard hoo the de'il as he wauchled through Beith

Wi' a wife in ilk oxter, an ane in his teeth,

When some ane cried oot, "Will ye tak' mine the morn?"

He wagg'd his auld tail while he cockit his horn,

But only said, "Imph-m,"
 That usefu' word "Imph-m"—
 Wi' sic a big mouthfu' he couldna say A-y-e!

 Sae I've gi'en oure the "Imph-m"—it's no a nice
 word;
 When printed on paper it's perfect absurd;
 Sae if ye're owre lazy to open yer jaw,
 Just haud ye yer tongue, an' say naething ava;
 But never sae "Imph-m,"
 That daft-like word "Imph-m"—
 It's ten times mair vulgar than even braid—A-y-e!

GETS DHERE.

(By permission.)

OLDT Æsop wrote a fable, vonce,
 Aboutt a boastful hare,
 Who say, "Vhen dhere vas racing,
 You can always find me dhere;"
 Und how a tortoise raced mit him
 Und shtopped his leetle game,
 Und say, "Ef I don'd been so shbry
 I gets dhere shust der same!"

 Dot vas der cases eferyvhere,
 In bolidics und trade;
 By bersbiration off der brow
 Vas how soocsess vas made.
 A man, somedime, may shdrike id rich,
 Und get renown und fame;
 Budt dot bersbiration feller, too,
 He gets dhere shust der same!

Der girl dot makes goot beeskits,
Und can vash und iron dings,
Maybe don'd been so lofely
As dot girl mit diamondt rings;
Budt vhen a vife vas vanted,
Who vas id dot's to blame,
Eef dot girl midoudt der shewels
Should get dhere shust der same ?

Der man dot leafes hees beesnis
Undt hangs roundt " bucket shops,"
To make den tollars oudt off von,
Vhen grain und oil shtock drops,
May go away from dhere somedime,
Mooch boorer as he came ;
" Der mills of God grind shlowly "—
But dhey gets dhere shust der same !

Dhen nefer mindt dhose mushroom schaps
Dot shbring up in a day,
Dhose repudations dhey vas made
By vork, und not by blay ;
Shust poot your shoulder to der vheel
Eef you vould vin a name—
Und eef der White House vants you—
You'll get dhere shust der same !

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

FOR ALL WHO DIE.

[The following poem was regarded by Edgar A. Poe as the most beautiful and touching of its kind in the language :]

IT hath been said for all who die
There is a tear.
Some paining, bleeding heart to sigh
O'er every bier ;
But in that hour of pain and dread
Who will draw near
Around my humble couch and shed
A farewell tear ?

Who'll watch the first departing ray
In deep despair,
And soothe the spirit on its way
With holy prayer ?
What mourner round my couch will come
In words of woe,
And follow me to my long home,
Solemn and slow ?

When lying on my earthly bed
In icy sleep,
Who there by pure affection led
Will come and weep ?
By the pale moon implant the rose
Upon my breast,
And bid it cheer my dark repose,
My lonely rest ?

Could I but know when I'm sleeping
Low in the ground,

One faithful heart would then be keeping
 Watch all round,
As if some gem lay shrined beneath
 That cold sod's gloom,
'Twould mitigate the pangs of death
 And light the tomb.

Yet in that hour, if I could feel
 From the halls of glee
And beauty's pressure one would steal
 In secrecy,
And come and sit or stand by me
 In night's deep noon;
Oh! I would ask of memory
 No other boon.

But, ah! a lonelier fate is mine,
 A deeper woe,
From all I've loved in youth's sweet time
 I soon must go.
Draw round me my pale robes of white
 In a dark spot,
To sleep through death's long dreamless night
 Lone and forgot.

THE SQUAREST UN AMONG 'EM.

THE charitable ladies from the hospital stood beside a little newly-made grave in the potter's field, over which the preacher had said the last prayer for the departed child-soul. One kind-faced lady, turning to walk down the narrow path, saw a ragged newsboy standing beside one of the mounds. She had seen dozens of news-

boys of the same type every day—had passed them by unnoticed on her way to the cemetery that afternoon—yet it was strange to find this boy in such a place, and there was something in the face bent toward the poor mound that tempted her to speak.

“Why, what brings you here, my little man?”

The boy looked up in astonishment. Dropping his eyes, as if to hide traces of tears, he answered:

“I—I thought I’d jest come out and see where it was they put Jim.”

“And who was Jim? Tell me about him.”

“Jim? There wern’t nothin’ much about Jim, ’ceptin’ he was my pal, and he died. They wouldn’t let me see him when he was sick and I thought I’d like to find which one of these was his’n. They hain’t give him so much as a board to mark it.”

“Did you like Jim?”

“Like him? Didn’t I, though? You just bet I did! He was the squarest un among ’em. Never took a cent he didn’t earn at shines or sellin’, and was allers fair at penny-ante. He made the others play fair, too. Why, I seen him scoop in twelve cents all to onct—fair play, too. Then the littlest fellow in the crowd he cried ’cause he lost his two cents and couldn’t have no supper, and Jim up and gave him ten cents and buyed a doughnut with the other two cents fer himself, and give me half, ’cause he allers looked out for me, I bein’ smaller’n him. We liked each other, I can tell ye, Jim and me. He left me his newspaper bag and this here piece o’ caliker, what he wanted me allers to keep. ’Taint nothin’ worth nothin’, but he thought a sight of it. Ye see ’twas like this: One day last winter he’d been trying all the mornin’ and hadn’t sold a paper, and he was so cold he was a-runnin’ and hollerin’ ter keep him a

little warm, he happens to think of this in his pocket. He stops short and takes it out and looks at it and puts it back in his pocket and buttons his coat tight on it and runs on. A cop what sees him do it comes runnin' after him, thinkin' he was gettin' off with something he'd been a-thievin'. And he ketches a-holt of Jim in a way as Jim said as hurt him, and he says to show him what he's stole and come along with him. Then Jim stands up as prompt as he can, bein' held so tight, and says he, a-takin' out this bit of caliker :

“ ‘It’s a piece of my mother’s dress, sir. It’s all I’ve got as was hers. I keeps it in my pocket, and I looks at it when things goes hard, and it helps me to sell.’ ”

“ And it did help him that time, for the folks as was standin’ round, hearin’ it, crowded up to buy his papers fast as he could hand ’em out. He sold most a hundred papers that day, and that night him and me went to a restrin’ and had such a supper of hot stew and things as ye never eat. I keeps the caliker ’cause he left it fer me with the woman at the hospital.

“ I wanted to do something for him, but I’m broke just now and can’t. Business ain’t so brisk since he ain’t in partnership with me no longer. I hain’t got nothin’ ter leave here with him ’ceptin’ this. I took it out of a store where there was a new party jist movin’ in. He had a likin’ for them advertisin’ cards.”

The lady glanced down at the little mound of earth, where the boy had placed a pasteboard card from a shop window. The writing was blurred and illegible, except the two words in large letters :

* ————— *

“ REMOVED TO ———.”

* ————— *

DETROIT FREE PRESS.

THE AUCTIONEER'S GIFT.

(By permission of the Yankee Blade.)

THE auctioneer leaped on a chair, and bold and loud
and clear,
He poured his cataract of words, just like an auctioneer.
An auction sale of furniture, where some hard mort-
gagee
Was bound to get his money back, and pay his lawyer's
fee.

A humorist of wide renown, this doughty auctioneer,
His joking raised the loud guffaw, and brought the an-
swering jeer,
He scattered round his jests, like rain, on the unjust and
the just ;
Sam Sleeman said he "laffed so much he thought that
he would bust."

He knocked down bureaus, beds, and stoves, and clocks
and chandeliers,
And a grand piano, which he swore would "last a
thousand years ;"
He rattled out the crockery, and sold the silverware ;
At last they passed him up to sell a little baby's chair.
"How much ? how much ? Come, make a bid ; is all
your money spent ?"
And then a cheap, facetious wag came up and bid,
"One cent."
Just then a sad-faced woman, who stood in silence there,
Broke down and cried, "My baby's chair ! My poor,
dead baby's chair !"

"Here, madam, take your baby's chair," said the
softened auctioneer,
"I know its value all too well, my baby died last year;
And if the owner of the chair, our friend, the mort-
gagee,
Objects to this proceeding, let him send the bill to me!"
Gone was the tone of raillery; the humorist auctioneer
Turned shamefaced from his audience, to brush away a
tear;
The laughing crowd was awed and still, no tearless eye
was there
When the weeping woman reached and took her little
baby's chair.

S. W. Foss.

WAS I TO BLAME?

WAS I to blame? I'll tell you how
It came about and you shall say.
My aunt had been quite ill that day.
(I dwelt with her—from home away.)
And sent for pretty Mary Dow
To do the household work; and so,
When evening came and Mary would
Return, she got her cloak and hood,
But aunty, speaking, said: "Don't go;"
And urged her staying over night;
"She must not take so long a tramp"—
She lived beyond the last street lamp—
"Her work and walk would kill her quite,
Besides, the way was dark."

But Mary could not think of that.

“She must go home ; she’d promised to ;

So aunt gave way, but said, anew,

“ Well, Johnnie must go ’long with you

And see you safe.” I took my hat,

Prouder than any monarch, then !

We passed adown the street and talked

Of current topics, while I walked

Demurely by her side ; but when

We left the village lights behind

I closer pressed, and, somehow, drew

Her little hand my bent arm through ;

I’d been charged with her care, you mind,

Besides, the way was dark !

’Twas then, when just beyond the light

Of the last lamp along the way,

That something whispering, plain as day,

“ I’d do it, do it ! ” seemed to say,

I must have lost my senses quite ;

I was sixteen—a bashful boy—

I slipped my arm around her waist

And from her lips took one sweet taste

And trembled, then, for very joy !

Now, candidly, was there harm done

In this, my theft from Mary Dow ?

If so, pray tell me of it now !

’Twas only just one little one,

Besides, the way was dark !

DUDLEY LOUIS BONDE.

WANTED TO SEE HIS OLD HOME.

WHILE we waited in the depot at Nashville, some one began crying, and an excitement was raised among the passengers. A brief investigation proved that the cause of the disturbance was an old colored man who was giving way to his grief. Three or four people remarked on the strangeness of it, but for some time no one said anything to him. Then a depot policeman came forward and took him by the arm, and shook him roughly and said :

"See here, old man, you must quit that. You have been drinking, and if you make any more disturbance I'll lock you up."

"'Deed, but I hain't," replied the old man, as he removed his tear-stained handkerchief. "Ize losted my ticket an' money, an' dat's what's de matter."

"Bosh! You never had any money to lose! You shut up, or away you go."

"What's the matter here?" queried a man, as he came forward.

The old man recognized the dialect of the Southerner in an instant, and, repressing his emotions with a great effort, he answered :

"Say, Mars Jack, I'ze been robbed."

"My name is White."

"Well, den, Mars White, somebody has dun robbed me of my ticket an' money."

"Where were you going?"

"Gwine down into Kaintuck, whar I was bo'n an' raised."

"Where's that?"

"Nigh to Bowlin' Green, sah, an' when de wah dun sot me free I cum up dis way. Hain't bin home sence, sah."

"And you had a ticket?"

"Yes sah, an' ober \$20 in cash. Bin savin' up for ten y'ars, sah."

"What do you want to go back for?"

"To see de hills an' de fields, de tobacker an' de co'n, Mars Preston an' de good ole missus. Why, Mars White, I'ze dun bin prayin' fur it fo' twenty y'ars. Sometimes de longin' has cum till I couldn't hardly hold myself.

"De ole woman is buried down dar, Mars White—de ole woman an' free chillen. I kin 'member de spot same as if I seed it yisterday. You go out half-way to de fust tobacker house, an' den you turn to de left an' go down to de branch whar de wimmen used to wash. Dar's fo' trees on de odder bank, an' right under 'em is whar dey is all buried. I kin see it! I kin lead you right to de spot!"

"And what will you do when you get there?" asked the stranger.

"Go up to de big house an' ax Mars Preston to let me lib out all de rest ob my days right dar. I'ze old an' all alone, an' I want to be nigh my dead. Sorter company fur me when my heart aches."

"Where were you robbed?"

"Out doahs, dar, I reckon, in de crowd. See? De pocket is all cut out. I'ze dreamed an' pondered—I'ze had dis journey in my mind for y'ars an' y'ars, an' now I'ze dun bin robbed an' can't go!"

He fell to crying, and the policeman came forward in an officious manner.

"Stand back, sir," commanded the stranger. "If

you lay a hand on that nigger I'll kill you! Now, gentlemen, you have heard the story. I'm going to help the old man back to die on the old plantation where he can be buried alongside of his dead."

"So am I," called twenty men in chorus, and within five minutes money had been raised enough to buy him a ticket and leave \$50 to spare. And when he realized his good luck the old snow-haired black fell upon his knees in that crowd and prayed:

"Lord, I've been a believer in You all my days, an' I now dun axes You to watch ober dese yere white folks dat has believed in me an' helped me to get back to de ole home."

And I do believe that nine-tenths of that crowd had tears in their eyes as the gateman called out the train for Louisville.

NEW YORK SUN.

ABIGAIL FISHER.

(Written expressly for this number.)

SURE enough! That Miss Abigail Fisher
In "Briartown Folks" must be me,
For my looks, I declare, an' my actions
Are all pictered out to a T.
Now, it hain't the most flatterin' likeness
But then, folks 'ud know it for mine,
An' the queerest of all is, it strikes me
I figger as chief heroine,
As ongain, an' as humbly as I be,
An' full o' my crotchetty ways;
Not the kind that they put in the novels,
I read in my foolish young days.

Now that comes o' my summerin' boarders,
I thought 'twas remarkable queer—
How'd she allus would hover around me,
That dainty Miss Alice de Vere.
An' I knowed there was somethin' or other
That kep' her so close to my side—
Jest how curi's I felt an' oneasy,
I couldn't a-told if I'd tried.
With them bright eyes o' hern allus upon me
As if she was searchin' my soul,
Or was tryin', at least, for I reckon
She didn't succeed on the whole.

In describin' my gen'ral appearance
She's be'n pooty faithful, I guess;
From the lines that furrer my forehead,
The fit o' my calico dress,
To my lean, scraggy neck an' long fingers;
The way that I do up my hair,
An' the stoop in my thin, bony shoulders—
She's be'n dretful pertickeler there;
But there's some lanes an' turnin's, I fancy,
Hid deep down in Abigail's heart,
I could tell, full as well, if not better,
Than she with her "consummate art."

Well, she sums me all up in this fashion,
"A nature most stern and severe;
To those grim lips the smile is a stranger,
Those eyes, in their hard depths, the tear
Surely never could glisten. If Cupid
E'er sought her, he must in dismay,
From a presence so cold and forbiddin'
Have fled in swift terror away.

All the woman seems swayed by twin passions,
The one, an o'ermastering greed,
And the other a stubborn devotion
To warm and pitiless creed.

"But as blossoms of tenderest beauty,
In Nature's waste places oft hide,
So, in lives that are rugged and barren,
Some sweet germs of good may abide."
Then she tells, real affectin', a story;
I s'pose she must had it from Jane,
For that poor creetur's tongue is so nimble,
A dretful sight nimbler'n her brain.
All about a poor tramp—a low drunkard—
Who fell in a fit at my door :
How't I nursed him through terrible sickness,
An' when there warn't need o' no more,

How't I paid all his fun'ral expenses,
An' charged not a cent to the town.
Sech an act, from so stingy a creetur,
She thinks ought to bring her renown—
Of the battle I fit out with Av'rice
When Duty it seemed to be plain,
Of the Puritan will that could conquer,
The turrible passion for Gain—
Well, she's told it in language that's glowin',
An gi'n more credit than due,
So I s'pose it makes up for ha'sh jedgmunt,
Or 'ruther, it would if 'twas true.

But she wasn't to blame for not knowin',
What nary a one in the place,

Could a' dreamed on that drunken Jim Revers
Had ever sot eyes on my face
Till he fell at my door—an' a Christian
Must let the poor wanderer in,
For the Master warn't too good ter pity,
An' save them 'twas leprous with sin.
Well, I kep' at my post at Jim's bedside
An' prayed ag'in hope for his life,
An' nobody ever mistrusted
I'd thought once o' bein' his wife.

If his features was changed and was bloated,
If his eyes they was sunken an' blear,
If he'd lost all the grace of his manhood
Earth never held nothin' so dear
To the heart that he'd broke an' haid trampled
Like the very dust under his feet,
As this wreck of a man that was rescued—
At last from the filth of the street,
An' the sweetest of days I remember
Was them when he lay, like a child
Toward the last—jest as weak an' as helpless—
His sperit all broke up an' mild.

When he spoke of the past an' was sorry,
For all of the wrong he had done;
Oh! I felt as if somehow or other
My life had but only begun.
Well, he died, an' I hope was forgiven—
His eyes rested last—upon me,
An' I do' know, we can't tell, but mebbly
He'll be the first one I shall see
On the shore of the Beautiful River.
The thought it does comfort me so,

An' you do' know how eager an' longin'
I am for the summons to go.

But I try to be patient. I thank God
(An' 'taint in no sperit o' greed)
For the little laid by, that'll keep me
Through sickness an' death an' its need—
Now, I don't hold no hardness, but somehow
It does seem to me folks might find
Better work for their pens than in probin'
The poor, troubled hearts o' their kind,
Jest to lay bare life's sorrowful secrets,
An' make of 'em pitiful show ;
Well, it's curi's that things get so twisted
An' wrong in this world here below.

Human lives to be warped an' so stunted,
Like trees on a cold, barren plain,
That hain't never blossomed nor fruited
For want o' sweet sunshine an' rain,
An' if we hadn't no promise
Of a life that is better than this
I should mourn for the loss of earth's sweetness,
An' long for a bit of its bliss ;
But I can't help a-thinking—He pities,
An' that when transplanted above
These sad lives will grow into beauty,
Up there in the sunshine o' love.

DELIA A. HAYWOOD.

THE CAPTAIN'S WELL.

(By permission of Robert Bonner's Sons. From New York Ledger, 11th January, 1890, beautifully illustrated by Howard Pyle.)

FROM pain and peril, by land and main,
The shipwrecked sailor came back again ;

Back to his home, where wife and child,
Who had mourned him lost, with joy were wild,

Where he sat once more with his kith and kin,
And welcomed his neighbors thronging in.

But when morning came he called for his spade.
"I must pay my debt to the Lord," he said.

"Why dig you here," asked the passer-by ;
"Is there gold or silver the road so nigh ?"

"No, friend," he answered, "but under this sod
Is the blessed water, the wine of God."

"Water ! the Powwow is at your back,
And right before you the Merrimack,

And look you up, or look you down,
There's a well-sweep at every door in town."

"True," he said, "we have wells of our own ;
But this I dig for the Lord alone."

Said the other : "This soil is dry, you know,
I doubt if a spring can be found below ;

You had better consult, before you dig,
Some water-witch, with a hazel twig."

"No, wet or dry, I will dig it here,
Shallow or deep, if it takes a year.

In the Arab desert, where shade is none,
The waterless land of sand and sun,

Under the pitiless, brazen sky
My burning throat as the sand was dry ;

My crazed brain listened in fever-dreams
For splash of buckets and ripple of streams ;

And, opening my eyes to the blinding glare,
And my lips to the breath of the blistering air,

Tortured alike by the heavens and earth,
I cursed, like Job, the day of my birth.

Then something tender and sad and mild
As a mother's voice to her wandering child,

Rebuked my frenzy, and, bowing my head,
I prayed as I never before had prayed :

Pity me, God, for I die of thirst ;
Take me out of this land accurst ;

And if ever I reach my home again,
Where earth has springs, and the sky has rain,

I will dig a well for the passer-by,
And none shall suffer with thirst as I.

I saw, as I passed my home once more,
The house, the barn, the elms by the door,

The grass-lined road, that riverward wound,
The tall slate stones of the burying-ground,

The belfry and steeple on meeting-house hill,
The brook with its dam, and gray grist-mill,

And I knew in that vision beyond the sea,
The very place where my well must be.

God heard my prayer in that evil day ;
He led my feet in their homeward way,

From false mirage and dried-up well,
And the hot sand-storms of a land of hell,

Till I saw at last, through a coast-hill's gap,
The city held in its stony lap,

The mosques and the domes of scorched Muscat,
And my heart leaped up with joy thereat ;

For there was a ship at anchor lying,
A Christian flag at its mast-head flying,

And sweetest of sounds to my home-sick ear
Was my native tongue in the sailors' cheer.

Now, the Lord be thanked, I am back again,
Where earth has springs, and the skies have rain.

And the well I promised by Oman's Sea,
I am digging for him in Amesbury."

His good wife wept, and his neighbors said :
"The poor old captain is out of his head."

But from morn to noon, and from noon to night,
He toiled at his task with main and might ;

And when at last from the loosened earth,
Under his spade the stream gushed forth,

And fast as he climbed to his deep well's brim,
The water he dug for followed him.

He shouted for joy : " I have kept my word,
And here is the well I promised the Lord !"

The long years came, and the long years went,
And he sat by his roadside-well content ;

He watched the travelers, heat-oppressed,
Pause by the way to drink and rest,

And the sweltering horses dip, as they drank,
Their nostrils deep in the cool, sweet tank ;

And, grateful at heart, his memory went
Back to that waterless Orient,

And the blessed answer of prayer, which came
To the earth of iron and sky of flame.

And when a wayfarer, weary and hot,
Kept to the mid-road, pausing not

For the well's refreshing, he shook his head ;
" He don't know the value of water," he said ;

" Had he prayed for a drop, as I have done,
In the desert circle of sand and sun,

He would drink and rest, and go home to tell
That God's best gift is the wayside well !"

J. G. WHITTIER.

THE PILGRIMS.

THEY were practical statesmen, these Pilgrims. They wasted no time theorizing upon methods, but went straight at the mark. They solved the Indian problem with shot-guns, and it was not General Sherman, but Miles Standish, who originated the axiom that the only good Indians are the dead ones. They were bound by neither customs nor traditions, nor committals to this or that policy. The only question with them was, Does it work? The success of their Indian experiment led them to try similar methods with witches, Quakers, and Baptists. Their failure taught them the difference between mind and matter. A dead savage was another wolf under ground, but one of themselves persecuted or killed for conscience sake sowed the seed of discontent and disbelief. The effort to wall in a creed and wall out liberty was at once abandoned, and to-day New England has more religions and not less religion, but less bigotry, than any other community in the world.

In an age when dynamite was unknown, the Pilgrim invented in the cabin of the Mayflower the most powerful of explosives. The declaration of the equality of all men before the law has rocked thrones and consolidated classes. It separated the colonies from Great Britain and created the United States. It pulverized the chains of the slaves and gave manhood suffrage. It devolved upon the individual the functions of government and made the people the sole source of power. It substituted the cap of liberty for the royal crown in France, and by a bloodless revolution has added to the

constellation of American republics, the star of Brazil. But with the ever-varying conditions incident to free government, the Puritan's talent as a political mathematician will never rust. Problems of the utmost importance press upon him for solution. When, in the effort to regulate the liquor traffic, he has advanced beyond the temper of the times and the sentiment of the people in the attempt to enact or enforce prohibition, and either been disastrously defeated or the flagrant evasions of the statutes have brought the law into contempt, he does not despair, but tries to find the error in his calculation.

If gubernatorial objections block the way of high license he will bombard the executive judgment and conscience by a proposition to tax. The destruction of homes, the ruin of the young, the increase of pauperism and crime, the added burdens upon the taxpayers by the evils of intemperance, appeal with resistless force to his training and traditions. As the power of the saloon increases the difficulties of the task, he becomes more and more certain that some time or other and in some way or other he will do that sum too.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

STANDING at the portal
Of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us,
Hushing every fear;
Spoken through the silence,
By our Father's voice,

Tender, strong, and faithful,
Making us rejoice.
Onward, then, and fear not,
Children of the day ;
For His word shall never,
Never pass away.

I, the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid ;
I will help and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed.
Yea, I will uphold thee
With my own right hand ;
Thou art called and chosen,
In my sight to stand.
Onward, then, and fear not,
Children of the day ;
For His word shall never,
Never pass away.

For the year before us,
Oh, what rich supplies !
For the poor and needy,
Living streams shall rise ;
For the sad and sinful,
Shall His grace abound ;
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.
Onward, then, and fear not,
Children of the day ;
For His word can never,
Never pass away.

He will never fail us,
He will not forsake ;

His eternal covenant
He will never break ;
Resting on His promise,
What have we to fear ?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.
Onward, then, and fear not,
Children of the day ;
For His word shall never,
Never pass away.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

THE GOOD.

“WHAT is the real good ?”
I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court ;
Knowledge, said the school ;
Truth, said the wise man ;
Pleasure, said the fool ;
Love, said the maiden ;
Beauty, said the page ;
Freedom, said the dreamer ;
Home, said the sage ;
Fame, said the soldier ;
Equity, the seer ;

Spake my heart full sadly ;
“The answer is not here.”

Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard :
“Each heart holds the secret ;
Kindness is the word.”

J. BOYLE O'REILLY.

APPEAL FOR TEMPERANCE.

THE late Henry W. Grady, of Atlanta, Ga., has been justly eulogized as one of the most able, brilliant, clear-headed, noble-minded men of the present century. In his death the South has lost a great and heroic leader. In no cause in which his sympathies were enlisted was Mr. Grady more active and earnest than in that of temperance. The following extract is from one of his speeches delivered during the exciting local campaign in Georgia in 1887:

“My friends, hesitate before you vote liquor back into Atlanta, now that it is shut out. Don't trust it. It is powerful, aggressive, and universal in its attacks. To-night it enters an humble home to strike the roses from a woman's cheek, and to-morrow it challenges this Republic in the halls of Congress. To-day it strikes a crust from the lips of a starving child, and to-morrow levies tribute from the government itself. There is no cottage in this city humble enough to escape it—no palace strong enough to shut it out. It defies the law when it cannot coerce suffrage. It is flexible to cajole, but merciless in victory. It is the mortal enemy of peace and order. The despoiler of men, the terror of women, the cloud that shadows the face of children, the demon that has dug more graves and sent more souls unshrived to judgment than all the pestilences that have wasted life since God sent the plagues to Egypt, and all the wars since Joshua stood beyond Jericho. O my countrymen! loving God and humanity, do not bring this grand old city again under the dominion of that power. It can profit no man by its return. It can

uplift no industry, revive no interest, remedy no wrong. You know that it cannot. It comes to turn, and it shall profit mainly by the ruin of your sons or mine. It comes to mislead human souls and crush human hearts under its rumbling wheels. It comes to bring gray-haired mothers down in shame and sorrow to their graves. It comes to turn the wife's love into despair and her pride into shame. It comes to still the laughter on the lips of little children. It comes to stifle all the music of the home and fill it with silence and desolation. It comes to ruin your body and mind, to wreck your home, and it knows that it must measure its prosperity by the swiftness and certainty with which it wreaks this work."

TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

THE white snow veils the earth's brown face,
Strong frost has bound the veil in place—
Under the wide, clear, dark blue sky
All choked with snow the hollows lie,
Dead-white the fields—once summer sweet—
And woodlands where we used to meet:
We don't meet now, we never part.
Ever together, heart to heart,
We've worked, lost often, seldom won,
Seen pleasures ended, pains begun,
Have done our best, and faced, we two,
Almost the worst that fate could do—
Yet not fate's uttermost of ill,
Since here we are together still!

For me you left, my dearest, best,
Your girlhood's safe warm sheltered nest;

For me gave up all else that could
Have made your woman-life seem good.
You thought a man's whole heart was worth
Just all the other wealth of earth ;
I thought my painter's brush would be
A magic wand for you and me.
What dreams we had of fame and gold,
Of art—that never could withhold
From me, who loved her so, full powers
To make my love for her serve ours,
To shape and build a palace fair
Of radiant hours, and place you there !
Art turned away her face from us,
And all the dreaming's ended—thus !
Our garret's cold ; the wind is keen,
And cuts these rotten boards between.
There is no lock upon the door,
No carpet on the uneven floor,
No curtain to the window where
Through frost-blanch'd panes the moon's cold stare
Fronts us. She's careless—used to see
This world of ours, and misery !
Why, how you shiver ! O my sweet !
How cold your hands are, and your feet !
How hot this face of yours I kiss !
How could our love have led to this ?
What devil is there over all
That lets such things as this befall ?
It was not want of striving. Love,
Bear witness for me how I strove,
Worked till I grew quite sick and faint,
Worked till I could not see to paint,

Because my eyes were sore and wet,
Yet never sold one picture yet.

* * * * *

There's no more firing, and the cold
Is biting through your shawl's thin fold,
And both the blankets have been sold.
Nestle beside me, in my arm,
And let me try to keep you warm.
We pawned the table and the bed,
To get our last week's fire and bread,
And now the last crust's eaten. Well,
There's nothing left to pawn or sell!
Our rent is due on Monday, too,
How can we pay it—I and you?
What shall we do? What shall we do?

* * * * *

Listen to me! It's Christmas Eve,
When hearts grow warmer, I believe,
And friends forget and friends forgive.
What if we stifled down my pride,
And put your bitter thoughts aside,
And asked your father's help once more?
True, when we asked for it before,
He turned and cursed us both, and swore
That he disowned you. You and I
Had made our bed, and there must lie;
That he would help us not one whit,
Though we should die for want of it.
Now I shall ask his help again.
It's colder now than it was then.

* * * * *

Stand up. You're stiff! That will not last!
The stairs are dark! They'll soon be passed!

You're tired! My sweet, I know you are;
But try to walk—it isn't far.
Oh! that the Christ they say was born
On that dream-distant Christmas morn
May hear and help us now! Be strong!
Yes, lean on me. Perhaps ere long,
All this, gone by, will only seem
A half-remembered evil dream.
Come; I will help you walk. We'll try
Just this last venture, you and I!

* * * * *

We dragged our weary, faltering feet
Through the bright, noisy, crowded street,
And reached the square where, stern in stone,
Her father's town-house sulks alone.
Sick, stupid, helpless, wretched, poor,
We waited at her father's door.
They let us in. Then let us tread
Through the warm hall with soft furs spread.
Next, "Name and business." Oh! exact
Were the man's orders how to act,
If e'er his master's child should come
To cross the threshold of her home!
I told our name. The man "would see
If any message was" for me.
We waited there without a word.
How warm the whole house was! We heard
Soft music with soft voices blent,
And smelt sweet flowers with mingled scent,
* * * * *
Then some one gave a note to me
With insolent smile. I read: "When she
Is tired of love and poverty,

And chooses to return to what
She left, the duties she forgot,
And never see again this man,
And be here as before—she can.”

We came away: that much is clear;
I don't know how we got back here—
I must have carried her somehow,
And have been strong enough. And now
She lies asleep—and I, awake,
Must do this something for her sake—
The only possible thing to do,
O love! to cut our soul in two,
And take “this man” away from you!
If now I let your father know
My choice is made, and that I go
And you are here—O love! O wife!
I break my heart and save your life.
Doubt what to do? All doubt's about
The deeds that are not worth a doubt!
This deed takes me, and I obey,
And there is nothing left to say.

Good-bye, dear eyes, I cannot see—
Weep only gently, eyes, for me;
Dear lips I've kissed and kissed again,
Lose those encircling lines of pain;
Dear face, so thin and faded now,
Win back youth's grace, and light, and glow,
Oh! hands I hold in mine—oh! heart
That holds mine in it—we must part!

* * * * *

No more we meet until I've won
Enough to dare be happy on;

And if I fail—I have known bliss,
 And bliss has bred an hour like this.
 I am past Fate's harming—all her power
 Could mix naught bitterer than this hour.
 Good-bye—our room—our marriage life!—
 Oh! kiss me through your dreams, my wife!

* * * * *

I have grown rich. I have found out
 The thing men break their hearts about!
 I have dug gold, and gold, and sold
 My diggings, and reaped in more gold—
 Sowed that and reaped again, and played
 For stakes, and always won, and made
 More money than we'll ever spend,
 And have forborne one word to send.
 It has been easier for her so:
 To wait one year, and then to know
 How all is well, and how we two
 Shall part no more our whole lives through.

* * * * *

This London—how I hated it
 A year ago! It now seems fit
 Even to be our meeting-place.
 It holds the glory of her face,
 The wonder of her eyes, the grace
 Of lovely lines and curves—in fine,
 The soul of sweetness that is mine!
 I'll seek her at her father's; say,
 "I claim my wife. I will repay
 A hundred-fold all you have spent
 On keeping me in banishment,
 On keeping her in affluence,
 At her heart's dearest coin's expense!

That is past now, and I have come
 To take my wife and sweetheart home,
 To show her all my golden store,
 My heart, hers to the very core,
 And never leave her any more!"

But just before that hour supreme,
 Close here our old house is, that dream
 And daylight have been showing me
 The year through. I would like to see
 That room I found so hard to leave,
 So hard to keep, last Christmas Eve.

* * * * *

Just one look at the old room's door,
 If I can get no chance of more;
 Yet gold will buy most things—may buy
 The leave to see that room. We'll try!

May I go up? Just once to see
 The room that sheltered her and me?—
 My God! the rapture of to-day
 Has sent me mad!—you did not say
 She died the night I went away!

E. NESBIT.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN VERSE.

FATHER in heaven, hallowed be Thy name,
 Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done the same
 In earth and heaven. Give us daily bread;
 Forgive our sins as others we forgive.
 Into temptation let us not be led,
 Deliver us from evil while we live.
 For kingdom, power, and glory must remain
 Forever and forever Thine: Amen.

A PACKET OF LETTERS.

(By permission of St. Nicholas.)

I.

FROM MR. RUFUS FOX TO MISS BLANCHE GOOSE.

THE FERNWOODS, Friday.

DEAR MISS GOOSE :

A CCEPT apologies profuse,
For the abrupt and hasty way
In which I left you yesterday.
I quite forgot myself, it's true,
And Mrs. Fox's message, too.
She said, "Be sure if you should see
Miss Goose, to bring her home to tea;"
And when I came home minus you,
She made a terrible to-do !
I don't know how I came to be
So very rude, but then you see,
I was just offering my arm,
When stupid Rover from the farm,
Appeared so suddenly, and so—
Well, two is company, you know,
While three—! Besides, 'twas getting late,
So I decided not to wait.
Yet, after all, another day
Will do as well. What do you say?
Can you, to-morrow,—say, at three,
Dine with dear Mrs. Fox and me?
Pray do, and by the hollyhocks
Meet yours, sincerely, RUFUS FOX.

II.

FROM MISS BLANCHE GOOSE TO MR. FOX.

THE FARM-YARD, Friday afternoon.

Dear Mr. Fox, it seems so soon,
 You almost take my breath away!
 To-morrow? Three? What shall I say?
 Nothing could charm me more—but, no—
 Alas! I fear I cannot go.
 Don't think that I resent, I pray,
 Your hastiness of yesterday.
 It is not that. But if I went,
 Without my dear mamma's consent,
 And she should somehow chance to hear,
 She would be dreadfully severe;
 And so, oh, dear! it is no use!

Believe me,

Sadly yours,

BLANCHE GOOSE.

P. S.—On second thoughts, dear Fox,
 I'll meet you by the hollyhocks,
 For if mamma but knew how kind
 You are, I'm sure she would not mind.
 To-morrow, then—we'll meet at three;
 Don't fail to be there. Yours, B. G.

III.

FROM MR. RUFUS FOX TO HIS COUSIN REYNARD.

Friday.

Dear Cousin, just a line
 To ask you if you will come and dine
 (Informally, you know) with me
 To-morrow afternoon at three.

Now don't refuse, whate'er you do,
I have a treat in store for you :
A charming goose (and geese, you know,
Do not on all the bushes grow !)
A dream of tenderness in white,
A case of "hunger at first sight."
I know, old boy, you'll not be deaf
To this inducement.

Yours,

R. F.

P. S.—Miss Goose agrees to be
Beside the hollyhocks at three !

IV.

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF ROVER, THE DOG.

Saturday night.

Well, I must say,
I quite renewed my youth to-day !
How lucky that I chanced to go,
Just when I did, beside that row
Of hollyhocks beyond the gate !
Lucky for her, at any rate ;
For suddenly I heard Miss Goose
Struggling and crying, " Let me loose !"
And, from behind the hollyhocks,
Who should jump out but Mr. Fox !
(The very same one, by the way,
I almost caught the other day.)
Soon as I nabbed him, in his fright,
He dropped Miss Goose and took to flight.

Then after him like mad I flew,
But—what could poor old Rover do ?

I am not what I used to be,
 So I let go, and ran to see
 At once how poor Miss Goose had fared,
 And found her much less hurt than scared
 From having come so near the noose :—
 A sadder and a wiser goose.

V.

NOTE FROM MR. RUFUS FOX TO HIS COUSIN REYNARD.

DEAR COUSIN :

This is just to say
 Why dinner was postponed to-day,—
 The goose had failed us, that was all ;
 Excuse, I beg, this hurried scrawl.
 Will write to-morrow to explain—
 Just now my paw is in such pain
 That when I try to write it shocks
 My nerves.

Yours truly, RUFUS FOX.

P. S.—I'd thank you if you sent
 A bottle of that liniment
 You spoke of several days ago—
 The kind for "dog bites," don't you know.
 OLIVER HERFORD.

BALLOT REFORM.

[Extract from an address delivered at the annual dinner of the Boston Merchants.]

WHEN I see about me this gathering of business men and merchants, I find it impossible to rid myself of the impressive thought that here is represented that factor in civilized life which measures the

far as possible their treacherous betrayal by those who are false to their obligations of citizenship.

This hope, risen like the Star in the East, has fixed the gaze of our patriotic fellow-countrymen; and everywhere—in our busy marts of trade and on our farms—in our cities and in our villages—in the dwellings of the rich and in the homes of the poor—in our universities and in our workshops—in our banking houses and in the ranks of inexorable toil—they greet with enthusiastic acclaim the advent of ballot reform. * * * *

I remember the inauguration of another reform, and I have seen it grow and extend, until it has become firmly established in our laws and practice. It is to-day our greatest safeguard against the complete and disgraceful degradation of our public service. It had its enemies, and all of them are not yet silenced. Those openly and secretly unfriendly said in the beginning that the scheme was impracticable and unnecessary; that it created an office-holding class; that it established burdensome and delusive tests for entry in the public service, which should be open to all; that it put in the place of real merit and efficiency scholastic requirements; that it limited the discretion of those charged with the selection of public employees, and that it was unconstitutional. But its victory came—wrought by the force of enlightened public sentiment—and upon its trial every objection which had been urged against it was completely discredited.

As it has been with civil service reform so will it be with ballot reform, except that the coming victory will be more speedily achieved and will be more complete.

And as the grand old State of Massachusetts was foremost to adopt and demonstrate the practicability

and usefulness of civil service reform, so has she been first to adopt a thorough scheme of ballot reform and to prove in practice its value and the invalidity of the objections made against it. We thank Massachusetts to-night for all that she has done for these reforms, and we of New York hope that our Empire State will soon be keeping step with her sister States in the enforcement of an effective and honest measure of ballot reform. * * * *

Thus will the American people discharge the sacred trust committed to their keeping; thus will they still proudly present to the world proof of the value of free institutions; thus will they demonstrate the strength and perpetuity of a government by the people; thus will they establish American patriotism throughout the length and breadth of our land; and thus will they preserve for themselves and for posterity their God-given inheritance of freedom and justice and peace and happiness.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

TASTE.

SETTIN' round the stove last night,
Down at Wess' store, was me
And Mart Strimples, Tunk, and White,
And Doc Bills and two or three
Fellers of the Mudsock tribe
No use tryin to describe,
And say, Doc, he says, says he:
"Talkin' 'bout good things to eat,
Ripe mushmillions' hard to beat."

I chawed on. And Mart he 'low'd
Watermillion beat the mush,
"Red," he says, "and juicy—hush!
I'll just leave it to the crowd."
Then a Mudsock chap, says he:
"Punkin's good enough for me—
Punkin pies, I mean," he says.
"Them beat 'millions. What says Wess?"

I chawed on. And Wess says, "Well,
You jest fetch that wife of mine
All your watermillion rine,
And she'll boil it down a spell—
In with sorghum, I suppose—
And what else Lord only knows!
But I'm here to tell all hands,
Them p'serves meet my demands."

I chawed on. And White he says,
"Well, I'll jes' stand in with Wess—
I'm no hog!" and Tunk says, "I
Guess I'll pastur' out on pie
With the Mudsock boys!" says he;
"Now what's yourn?" he says to me,
I chawed on—fer—quite a spell.
Then I speaks up slow and dry,
"Jes' tobacker!" I says I,
And you'd orto heard 'm yell!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

FAME, WEALTH, LIFE, DEATH.

WHAT is fame?
'Tis the sun-gleam on the mountain,
Spreading brightly ere it flies,
'Tis the bubble on the fountain,
Rising lightly ere it dies ;
Or, if here and there a hero
Be remembered through the years,
Yet to him the gain is zero ;
Death hath stilled his hopes and fears.
Yet what dangers men will dare
If but only in the air
May be heard some eager mention of their name ;
Though they hear it not themselves, 'tis much the same.

What is wealth ?
'Tis a rainbow still receding
As the panting fool pursues ;
Or a toy that youth, unheeding,
Seeks the readiest way to lose ;
But the wise man keeps due measure,
Neither out of breath nor base ;
He but holds in trust his treasure
For the welfare of the race.
Yet what crimes some men will dare
But to gain their slender share
In some profit, though with loss of name or health,
In some plunder, spent on vices or by stealth.

What is life ?
'Tis the earthly hour of trial
For a life that's but begun ;
When the prize of self-denial
May be quickly lost or won ;

'Tis the hour when love may burgeon
To an everlasting flower ;
Or when lusts their victims urge on
To defy immortal power.
Yet how lightly men ignore
All the future holds in store,
Spending brief but golden moments all in strife ;
Or in suicidal madness grasp the knife.

What is death ?

Past its dark, mysterious portal
Human eye may never roam ;
Yet the hope still springs immortal
That it leads the wanderer home.
Oh ! the bliss that lies before us
When the secret shall be known,
And the vast angelic chorus
Sounds the hymn before the throne !
What is fame, or wealth, or life ?
Past are praises, fortune, strife ;
All but love, that lives forever, cast beneath,
When the good and faithful servant takes the wreath.

W. W. SKEAT.

OUR BELOVED DEAD.

THEY say if our beloved dead
Should seek the old familiar place,
Some stranger would be there instead,
And they would find no welcome face.

I cannot tell how it might be
In other homes—but this I know :
Could my lost darling come to me,
That she would never find it so.

Ofttimes the flowers have come and gone,
Ofttimes the winter winds have blown,
The while her peaceful rest went on,
And I have learned to live alone.

Have slowly learned, from day to day,
In all life's tasks to bear my part ;
But whether grave, or whether gay,
I hide her memory in my heart.

Fond, faithful love has blest my way,
And friends are round me, true and tried ;
They have their place—but hers to-day
Is empty as the day she died.

How would I spring with bated breath,
And joy too deep for word or sign,
To take my darling home from death,
And once again to call her mine.

I dare not dream—the blissful dream,
It fills my heart with wild unrest ;
Where yonder cold white marble gleam
She still must slumber—God knows best.

But this I know, that those who say
Our best beloved would find no place,
Have never hungered every day—
Through years and years—for one sweet face.
TROY TIMES.

THE BLIND MAN'S TESTIMONY.

(By permission of Harper's Magazine.)

HE stood before the Sanhedrim;
The scowling rabbis gazed at him;
He recked not of their praise or blame;
There was no fear, there was no shame,
For one upon whose dazzled eyes
The whole world poured its vast surprise,
The open heaven was far too near,
His first day's light too sweet and clear,
To let him waste his new-gained ken
On the hate-clouded face of men.

But still they questioned, Who art thou?
What hast thou been? What art thou now?
Thou art not he who yesterday
Sat here and begged beside the way;
For he was blind.

—And I am he;
For I was blind but now I see.

He told the story o'er and o'er;
It was his full heart's only lore;
A prophet on the Sabbath day,
Had touched his sightless eyes with clay,
And made him see who had been blind.
Their words passed by him like the wind
Which raves and howls but cannot shock
The hundred-fathomed-rooted rock,
Their threats and fury all went wide;
They could not touch his Hebrew pride;

Their sneers at Jesus and His band
Nameless and homeless in the land,
Their boasts of Moses and his Lord,
All could not change him by one word.

I know not what this man may be,
Sinner or saint, but as for me
One thing I know, that I am he
That once was blind, but now I see.

They were all doctors of renown,
The great men of a famous town,
With deep brows wrinkled, broad and wise,
Beneath their broad phylacteries ;
The wisdom of the East was theirs,
And honor crowned their silver hairs.
The man they jeered and laughed to scorn
Was unlearned, poor, and humbly born ;
But he knew better far than they
What came to him that Sabbath day ;
And what the Christ had done for him
He knew and not the Sanhedrim.

A RELENTING MOB.

(Translated from the French of Victor Hugo.)

(By permission of the Home Journal.)

THE mob was fierce and furious. They cried :
“ Kill him ! ” the while they pressed from every side
Around a man, haughty, unmoved, and brave,
Too pitiless himself to pity crave.

"Down with the wretch!" on all sides rose the cry.
The captive found it natural to die,
The game is lost—he's on the weaker side,
Life, too, is lost, and so must Fate decide.

From out his home they dragged him to the street,
With fiercely clenching hands and hurrying feet,
And shouts of "Death to him!" The crimson stain
Of recent carnage on his garb showed plain.

This man was one of those who blindly slay
At a king's bidding. He'd shot men all day,
Killing he knew not whom, scarce knew why,
Now marching forth impassible to die,
Incapable of mercy or of fear,
Letting his powder-blackened hands appear.

A woman clutched his collar with a frown,
"He's a policeman—he has shot us down!"
"That's true," the man said. "Kill him!" "Shoot
him!" "Kill!"
"No, at the Arsenal—" "The Bastille!"—"Where you
will,"

The captive answered. And with fiercest breath,
Loading their guns his captors still cried "Death!"
"We'll shoot him like a wolf!" "A wolf am I?
Then you're the dogs," he calmly made reply.
"Hark, he insults us!" And from every side
Clenched fists were shaken, angry voices cried,
Ferocious threats were muttered, deep and low.
With gall upon his lips, gloom on his brow,
And in his eyes a gleam of baffled hate,
He went, pursued by howlings, to his fate.

Treading with wearied and supreme disdain
'Midst forms of dead men he perchance had slain.
Dread is that human storm, an angry crowd :
He braved its wrath with head erect and proud.
He was not taken, but walled in with foes,
He hated them with hate the vanquished knows,
He would have shot them all had he the power.
" Kill him—he's fired upon us for an hour !"
" Down with the murderer—down with the spy !"
And suddenly a small voice made reply,
" No—no, he is my father !"
And a ray
Like to a sunbeam seemed to light the day.
A child appeared, a boy with golden hair,
His arms upraised in menace or in prayer.

All shouted, " Shoot the bandit, fell the spy !"
The little fellow clasped him with a cry
Of " Papa, papa, they'll not hurt you now !"
The light baptismal shone upon his brow.

From out the captive's home had come the child.
Meanwhile the shrieks of " Kill him—Death !" rose
wild.

The cannon to the tocsin's voice replied,
Sinister men thronged close on every side,
And in the street ferocious shouts increased
Of " Slay each spy—each minister—each priest—
We'll kill them all !"
The little boy replied :
" I tell you this is papa." One girl cried
" A pretty fellow—see his curly head !"
" How old are you, my boy ?" another said.
" Do not kill papa !" only he replies.

A soulful lustre lights his streaming eyes,
Some glances from his gaze are turned away,
And the rude hands less fiercely grasp their prey.
Then one of the most pitiless says, "Go—
Get you back home, boy." "Where—why?" "Don't
you know?"

Go to your mother." Then the father said,
"He has no mother." "What—his mother's dead?"
Then you are all he has." "That matters not,"
The captive answers, losing not a jot
Of his composure as he closely pressed
The little hands to warm them in his breast.
And says, "Our neighbor, Catherine you know,
Go to her." "You'll come too?" "Not yet." "No,
no.

Then I'll not leave you." "Why?" "These men, I
fear,

Will hurt you, papa, when I am not here."

The father to the chieftain of the band
Says softly, "Loose your grasp and take my hand,
I'll tell the child to-morrow we shall meet,
Then you can shoot me in the nearest street,
Or farther off, just as you like." "'Tis well!
The words from those rough lips reluctant fell.
And, half unclasped, the hands less fierce appear.
The father says, "You see, we're all friends here,
I'm going with these gentlemen to walk;
Go home. Be good. I have no time to talk."
The little fellow, reassured and gay,
Kisses his father and then runs away.

"Now he is gone, and we are at our ease,
And you can kill me where and how you please,"
The father says, "Where is it I must go?"

Then through the crowd a long thrill seems to flow,
 The lips, so late with cruel wrath afoam,
 Relentingly and roughly cry, "Go home!"

LUCY H. HOOPER.

INDIRECTION.

FAIR are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;
 Rare is the rose-burst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;
 Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
 And never was poem yet writ but the meaning out-mastered the metre.
 Never a daisy that grows but a mystery guideth the growing;
 Never a river that flows but a majesty sceptres the flowing;
 * * * *
 Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolized is greater;
 Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
 Back of the sound broods the silence; back of the gift stands the giving;
 Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.
 Space is nothing to spirit; the deed is outdone by the doing;
 The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;

And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from
the heights where these shine,
Twin shadows and voices swim, and the essence of life
is divine.

RICHARD REALF.

THE LITTLE MAID'S SERMON.

A LITTLE maid in a pale-blue hood
In front of a large brick building stood.
As she passed along, her quick eye spied
Some words on a little box inscribed.
'Twas a box that hung in the vestibule,
Outside the door of the charity school.

"Remember the poor," were the words she spelled,
Then looked at the dime her small hands held ;
For chocolate creams were fresh that day
In the store just only across the way.
But gleams of victory shone o'er the face
As she raised her eyes to "the money-place."

But her arm was short and the box so high
That a gentleman heard, who was passing by,
"Please, sir, will you lift me just so much?"
(For the tiny fingers could almost touch.)
The stranger stopped, and he quickly stood
By the sweet-faced child in the pale-blue hood.

As he lifted her, she gently said :
"Would you mind it, sir, if you turned your head ?
For you know I do not want to be
Like a proud, stuck-up old Pharisee."
He humored the little maid, but a smile
Played o'er his face as he stood there the while.

"Excuse me, child, but what did you say?"
The gentleman asked in a courteous way,
As he took in his the wee white hand.
"I believe I didn't quite understand."
"Oh, sir, don't you know? Have you never read,"
Said the child amazed, "what the Saviour said?"

"We should not give like those hypocrite men
Who stood in the market-places then,
And gave their alms just for folks to tell,
Because they loved to be praised so well;
But give for Christ's sake from our little store
What only He sees, and nobody more.

"Good-bye, kind sir, this is my way home:
I'm sorry you'll have to walk alone."
The gentleman passed along, and thought
Of large sums given for fame it brought;
And he said: "I never again will be
In the market-places a Pharisee.
She preached me a sermon, 'twas true and good,—
That dear little maid in the pale-blue hood!"

SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

ROBERT BROWNING.

FOR ten years Robert Browning has stood in a position no other great poet has ever occupied. His appreciation has been assumed by his admirers to be in some sense a sign of intellectual superiority. The great poets are one and all easily understood by the people. It may be difficult to secure a hearing for them at start,

they may wait years for the audience which each great genius creates as surely as it creates the work which attracts the audience, but once read no one can doubt the meaning or be slow in reaching it, without pain and with pleasure.

This is not true of Browning. His obscurity is as unmistakable as the clarity of Homer. It would be idle to imagine that this does not set bounds to his fame, his place, and his influence. Style in prose or poetry is nothing but the shortest path to full meaning. If a poet takes the longer path travel will be the less along his line. No genius, no powers, no spiritual penetration, no insight into things past, present and to come will save a man from this law. His work may be great, but his readers will be few.

This has been and it doubtless will be Browning's fate. He will reward those that diligently seek him, but his work will never seek out those who will reward him with the fate and fame which know no bounds but the admiration of all who read. He has written for fifty years. If he had died after twenty years of work he would have left a series of the most brilliant lyrics in the English language, its most entrancing poems of love and a group of its weightiest tragedies. But he had also already begun in "Sordello" to tread the path which—with flashes of his earlier work—for thirty years past has given our literature the most important body of philosophic verse contributed from any one pen. * * * *

He has addressed himself in a difficult style to the most difficult of subjects. Both style and subject have an invincible attraction to the few. Through them he will profoundly influence the many. Were he as great in his grasp of language as in his grasp of thought he

would do this—as the greatest do—directly. The true revealers of the race need no interpreters.

These inevitable limitations may have been the fruit of an age swifter in gathering knowledge than in acquiring wisdom, or they may have come from the great mass of pure learning with which Browning cumbered his mind no less than his style. It is of little note in either case. The fact remains. This great body and volume of verse, comparable in our tongue with Shakespeare's alone in its scope, its variety, its grasp, its marvelous versatility, and its immeasurable moral force, falls just short in form and future use of the heights where the immortals are. We may regret this; we may argue about it in a thousand societies where men and women go in a multitude—to study Browning; but all this will not change the slow, sure work of time in putting out of memory whatever is put out without form.

Even this, and all this, so great is the man, leaves Browning comparable only with the greatest of all time. Whether he touch on the mysteries of love or the spiritual mysteries of man, he stands on heights no other has reached and sounds depths unfathomed before him. When the significant voices of this age carry the message of the closing half of the century to other times, his words will be heard, with one or two more full of comfort, inspiration, and the deeper knowledge of man. * * * *

The years may not multiply the readers but they are certain to increase the influence of Browning, because beyond his contemporaries, he represented the moral and spiritual forces of his generation, and alone among them all he compassed the entire round of life, counting nothing beneath him which touched the lives of men and

women and nothing above him which let light on life's great problem.

PHILADELPHIA PRESS.

ST. MARTIN AND THE BEGGAR.

(By permission of Harper's Young People.)

IN the freezing cold and the blinding snow
Of a wintry eve in the long ago,
Folding his cloak o'er clanking mail,
A soldier is fighting the angry gale
Inch by inch in the campfire's light,
Star of his longing this wintry night.

All in a moment his path is barred ;
He draws his sword as he stands on guard.
But who is this with a wan, white face,
And piteous hands upheld for grace ?
Tenderly bending, the soldier bold
Raises a beggar faint and cold.

Famished he seems, and almost spent,
The rags that cover him worn and rent.
Crust nor coin can the soldier find ;
Never his wallet with gold is lined ;
But his soul is sad at the sight of pain ;
The sufferer's pleading is not in vain.

His mantle of fur is broad and warm,
Armor of proof against the storm.
He snatches it off without a word ;
One downward pass of the gleaming sword,
And cleft in twain at his feet it lies
And the storm-wind howls 'neath the frowning skies.

"Half for thee"—and with tender art
He gathers the cloak round the beggar's heart—
"And half for me ;" and with jocund song
In the teeth of the tempest he strides along
Daring the worst of the sleet and snow,
That brave young spirit so long ago.

Lo ! as he slept at midnight's prime,
His tent had the glory of summer-time ;
Shining out of a wondrous light,
The Lord Christ beamed on his dazzled sight.
"I was a beggar," the Lord Christ said,
As he stood by the soldier's lowly bed.
"Half of thy garment thou gavest me ;
With the blessing of heaven I dower thee."
And Martin rose from the hallowed tryst,
Soldier and servant and knight of Christ.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

GOLDEN RAIN.

THREE children crouched in an archway, for shelter
from the rain,
They all were poor and ragged, but one had a look of
pain,
And a pair of crutches rested beside her on the stones,
And in their childish chatter, her voice had the gentlest
tones.

For awhile, with noise and laughter, they romped as
children will,
Then they grew weary waiting, and feeling the damp
air chill,

Sat closely beside each other, watching regretfully,
The dark rain falling, falling, from the gray and cloudy
sky.

"Let's sing," said the cripple, gently ; and through the
noisy street,
Their voices echoed, singing that old song, so true and
sweet,
Of "the happy land of heaven, and happy children
there,
Who dwell forever safely in the Father's loving care."

When the simple hymn was ended the youngest singer
said,
"Does it rain in heaven, Polly?" The lame girl shook
her head,
And "I don't know," she answered, with a puzzled,
doubtful air,
"Perhaps the flowers want water, yet—I think's it's fine
up there."
And then with a sudden gladness, brightly she smiled
again—
"Why, if God makes rain in heaven, it must be golden
rain !"

You smile at the childish fancy, and yet, for you and
me,
The words have a holy lesson, of what our faith should
be ;
For evermore the humble, the children in heart, are
blest,
Because they can fully trust Him, who knows and does
the best,

To such, whether God gives gladness, or care, and grief
and pain,
The showers He sends upon them are always "golden
rain."

HOW BEN FARGO'S CLAIM WAS JUMPED.

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"JUST as we go to press," announced the New Boston Clarion, in its first issue, "we learn that Ben Fargo's claim has been jumped again. Ben's return is expected to-morrow, when we predict that he will attend to the eviction in his usual prompt and thorough manner."

No fault could have been found with this item, except perhaps that it might have been a little indefinite to the uninitiated. New Boston fully understood it.

"Who's jumped it this time?" asked Colonel Pride, as Cy Hickson retailed the news to the citizens lounging on the porch of the Eureka General Store.

"Dun know," answered the mail-carrier. "Didn't stop to find out. Smoke was comin' out o' the shack, an' a scanlous-lookin' lynch-pin wagin an' a pair of rickety ole mules was standin' by."

"Waal," predicted Colonel Pride, "about five minutes after Ben gits there, them rickety mules 'll be pullin' that scandalous lookin' wagon away from that claim."

"You bet!" agreed the citizens.

"'Pears like Ben Fargo's claim is allus bein' jumped."

"An' unjumped just as often," said the Colonel.

"Had to laugh, th'other day, as I was ridin' past," said Mr. Cy Hickson. "Feller from Mizzury 'd

Newton Hicks

jumped the claim that time, an' was bakin' a johnny-cake in Ben's skillet. 'Five minutes to git your johnny out o' my skillet,' says Ben. 'The year 1901 will find me right yere,' says Mizzury. Says Ben, 'This is my claim, an' ——' 'Mebby 'twuz 'fore I jumped it' broke in Mizzury, turnin' over the johnny-cake. 'Yes, 'n' 'twill be ag'in soon's you unjump it, which 'll be in 'bout three minutes,' says Ben. 'Crack yer whip,' says Mizzury; 'I'm able fer you, I reckon; 'sides, the law's on my side, an'——' 'Hang the law!' broke in Ben, and sailed in. They tangled, an' in about two minutes Mizzury found he'd made a mistake. Fer awhile I 'lowed Ben 'd drive his head into the ground. Then, after tunkin' him around awhile, Ben sat on him. 'Whose claim's this now?' says Ben. 'Your title to it 'pears to be a mighty strong one,' says Mizzury. A little later Mizzury had his team hitched to his wagin, an' was a-eatin' his johnny-cake as he druv away."

Mr. Ben Fargo, returning to New Boston the following day, became aware that his claim had been jumped:

"Well," he said, half aloud, "I am in a hurry to get to New Boston, but I reckon I can spare time to start this jumper on his way. Not overly well fixed," he commented, as he left the road. "Wagon don't look safe, and the mules seem rickety. But they brought the jumper here, and they've got to—Hello, here!"

The presence of the object that he had almost ridden over surprised him a good deal more than the presence of the jumper. It was merely a little grave, roughly rounded up in the midst of the long prairie-grass. The clods of the ragged little mound showed that it had been there only a short while. A tattered little prairie rose-bush had been planted at the head of the tiny mound.

The tips of its leaves had withered, and the blossoms it had borne at transplanting were yellow and shrivelled; but one bud had opened, and the ragged little flower, striving its best to be bright and pure, lay on one rough black clod of the ragged little grave.

"Baby!" Fargo muttered.

At that moment a woman left the shack and came toward the grave. In her hand she bore a cup of water. Her eyes were swollen. Fargo started as he saw her face. Scarcely glancing at him, she returned his salutation and bent and watered the ragged little rose-bush.

"Your baby?" Fargo asked, awkwardly.

"Yes," the woman answered, choking with her suppressed feeling. "She was all I had——"

She flung herself prone on the grave, embraced the little mound, and sobbed aloud.

Fargo looked uncomfortable. "Now don't cry so! I—you—where's your husband? In the shack?"

"No"—lifting her face from the clods. "He's dead. I was on my way home. The baby—well, I dug the little grave myself. I had no coffin, and I buried her in her little night-gown. I cannot go on yet—oh! it seems as if I never could go! Maybe the owner would not object if I lived in the shack a little while, till—till——" Fargo squirmed uneasily in his saddle. "After a little I must start on toward Indiana."

"What part of Indiana?" Fargo blurted.

"Champion County. The little cross-road village just below Fountainville."

"Ever know a blamed fool there named Fargo?"

"Ben Fargo? He wasn't a fool, though. He——"

"Yes, he was, too! Got mad at nothing! Ought to have been shot on the spot."

"No! He—we—"

"Mary, don't you know me?"

"Ben Fargo!"

"Yes; an old fool. Got mad at nothing."

A little later the dispossessed owner of the shack was smoothing up the mound that covered the child of the person who had jumped his claim. And the jumper sat on the grass near by looking less desolate.

When, later, Mr. Ben Fargo was passing the Eureka General Store, he was stopped by Colonel Pride.

"Did the jumper cut up rusty, Ben?"

"Nope!" Fargo answered, shortly, moving away.

"Go without trouble?"

"Nope!" More shortly.

"Reckoned he was able for you?"

"Nope!" Farther away.

"Waal, then, what did—"

"Nothing. There yet." Fargo turned the corner.

Hickson, the mail-carrier, as he was going from New Boston, saw Ben Fargo smoothing the baby's grave and marveled thereat. When he returned from the trip, he retailed the news to the prominent citizens.

"Waal, I'm beat," announced Colonel Pride.

"Me too," agreed several.

The attempt to interview Ben Fargo when next he appeared was not a brilliant success. That personage informed them, first, that whatever occurred at his claim was the business of no one but himself, and second, that he was both able and willing to thrash any man who desired to make it his business.

No one acknowledged to a desire. But, one day, the "Clarion" published the following item of interest:

"Married, this morning, by Rev. Mr. Prouty, at the

claim given to the bride by the groom, Mrs. Mary Stone and Mr. Benjamin Fargo."

And this time, Ben Fargo's claim stayed jumped.

TOM P. MORGAN.

FASHIONABLE.

A FASHIONABLE woman
In a fashionable pew ;
A fashionable bonnet
Of a fashionable hue ;
A fashionable mantle
And a fashionable gown ;
A fashionable Christian
In a fashionable town ;
A fashionable prayer-book
And a fashionable choir ;
A fashionable chapel
With a fashionable spire ;
A fashionable preacher
With a fashionable speech ;
A fashionable sermon
With a fashionable reach ;
A fashionable welcome
At the fashionable door ;
A fashionable penny
For the fashionable poor ;
A fashionable heaven
And a fashionable hell ;
A fashionable Bible
For this fashionable belle ;

A fashionable kneeling
And a fashionable nod;
A fashionable everything
But no fashionable God.

MERCHANT TRAVELER.

INFANT'S DREAM.

OH! cradle me on your knee, mamma,
And sing me the holy strain
That soothed me last as you fondly pressed
My glowing cheek to your soft warm breast,
For I saw a sight as you sung me to rest
That I fain would see again.

And smile as you then did smile, mamma,
And weep as you then did weep,
Then fix on me your glistening eye,
And gaze, and gaze till the tear be dry,
Then rock me gently, and sing, and sigh,
Till you lull me fast to sleep.

For I dreamed a heavenly dream, mamma,
While slumbering on your knee,
And I lived in a land where forms divine
In kingdoms of glory eternally shine,
And the world I'd give, if the world were mine,
Again that land to see.

I fancied we roamed through a wood, mamma,
And rested us under a bough;
Then by us a butterfly fluttered in pride,
And I chased it away through the forest wide,
And the night came on and I lost my guide,
And I knew not what to do.

My heart grew sick with fear, mamma,
And I loudly wept for thee ;
But a white-robed maiden appeared in the air,
And she flung back the curls of her golden hair,
And she kissed me so softly ere I was aware,
Saying, " Come, pretty baby, with me."

My tears and fears she beguiled, mamma,
And she led me far away ;
We entered the door of a dark, dark tomb,
We passed through a long, long vault of gloom,
Then opened our eyes on a land of bloom,
And a sky of endless day.

* * * * *

And soon came a shining throng, mamma,
Of white-winged babies to me ;
Their eyes looked love, and their sweet lips smiled,
And they marveled to meet with an earth-born child,
And they gloried, that I from earth was exiled,
Saying, " Here, love, thou blessed shalt be."

Then I mixed with the heavenly throng, mamma,
With cherub and seraphim fair,
And saw, as I roamed through the regions of peace,
The spirits which come from this world of distress ;
And theirs was the joy no tongue can express,
For they know not sorrow there.

Do you mind when sister Jane, mamma,
Lay dead a short time ago ?
How you gazed on the sad and lovely wreck,
With a full flood of woe you could not check,
And your heart was sore, you wished it would break ;
But you loved, and you aye sobbed on.

But ah! had you been with me, mamma,
In the realms of unknown care,
To see what I saw, you'd ne'er have cried,
Though you buried pretty Jane in the grave, when she
died;
For, shining with the blest, and adorned like a bride,
Sweet sister Jane was there.

* * * * *

Now sing, for I fain would sleep, mamma,
And dream as I dreamed before;
For sound was my slumber, and sweet was my rest,
While my spirit in the regions of light was a guest,
And the heart that has throbb'd in the climes of the
blest
Can love this world no more.

THE COWBOY'S SERMON.

LOTS of folks that would really like to do right, think that servin' the Lord means shoutin' their-selves hoarse praisin' His name. I tell you how I look at that. I'm workin' for Jim, here. Now, if I'd set round the house here tellin' what a good feller Jim is, and singin' songs to him, and gettin' up in the nights to serenade him when he'd rather sleep, I'd be doin' jest like lots of Christians do; but I wouldn't suit Jim, and I'd get fired mighty quick. But when I buckle on my chaps and rustle among the hills and see that Jim's herd is all right and ain't sufferin' for water and feed and bein' run off the range and branded by cow thieves, then I'm servin' Jim as he wants to be served. And if I was ridin' for the Lord I'd believe it was His wish that I'd

ride out in the ravines of darkness and the hills of sin and keep His herd from bein' branded by the devil and run off to where the feed was short and drinkin' holes in the cricks all dry, and no cedars and pinons for shelter when the blizzards come.

I don't see how I'd be helping the Lord out if I jest laid round the ranch eatin' up the grub I could git, and gittin' down on my knees and praisin' the Lord up and askin' for more. The Bible says somethin' somewhere about how people serve the Lord by feedin' and waterin' and looking after the herd, and I think it would do lots of people good to read it over. When a crittur has had his moral natur' starved ever sense he was born, and been left run loose jest 'cause nobody else didn't look after him and put his brand on him to tell whose herd he belongs to, it shows mighty plain that the herders of the Lord has been huntin' salary harder than they've been huntin' souls.

EMMA GHENT CURTIS.

THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

(By permission of the Yankee Blade.)

THE gret big church wuz crowded full uv broadcloth
 an' of silk,
 An' satins rich as cream thet grows on our ol' brindle's
 milk;
 Shined boots, biled shirts, stiff dickeys, an' stove-pipe
 hats were there,
 An' dudes 'ith trouserloons so tight they couldn't kneel
 down in prayer.

The elder in his poolpit high, said, as he slowly riz :
“ Our organist is kep’ to hum, laid up ’ith roomatiz,
An’ as we hev no substitoot, as brother Moore ain’t
here,
Will some ’un in the congregation be so kind ’s to
volunteer ?”

An’ then a red-nosed, blear-eyed tramp, of low-toned,
rowdy style,
Give an interductory hiccup, an’ then swaggered up the
aisle.
Then thro’ that holy atmosphere there crep’ a sense er
sin,
An’ thro’ thet air of sanctity the odor uv ol’ gin.

Then Deacon Purington he yelled, his teeth all set on
edge :
“ This man perfanes the house er God ! W’y, this is
sacrilege !”
The tramp didn’ hear a word he said, but slouched ’ith
stumblin’ feet,
An’ stalked an’ swaggered up the steps, an’ gained the
organ seat.

He then went pawin’ thro’ the keys, an’ soon there rose
a strain
Thet seemed to jest bulge out the heart, an’ ’lectrify the
brain ;
An’ then he slapped down on the thing ’ith hands an’
head an’ knees,
He slam-dashed his hull body down kerflop upon the
keys.

The organ roared, the music flood went sweepin' high
 an' dry,
It swelled into the rafters, an' bulged out into the sky ;
The ol' church shook and staggered, an' seemed to reel
 an' sway,
An' the elder shouted "Glory!" an' I yelled out
 "Hooray!"

An' then he tried a tender strain thet melted in our
 ears,
Thet brought up blessed memories and drenched 'em
 down 'ith tears ;
An' we dreamed uv ol' time kitchens, 'ith Tabby on the
 mat,
Uv home an' luv an' baby days, an' mother, an' all
 that !

An' then he struck a streak uv hope—a song from souls
 forgiven—
Thet burst from prison bars uv sin, an' stormed the
 gates uv heaven ;
The morning stars together sung—no soul wuz left
 alone—
We felt the universe wuz safe, an' God was on His
 throne !

An' then a wail of deep despair an' darkness come
 again,
An' long, black crape hung on the doors uv all the homes
 uv men ;
No luv, no light, no joy, no hope, no songs of glad de-
 light,
An' then—the tramp, he swaggered down an' reeled out
 into the night !

But we knew he'd tol' his story, tho' he never spoke a word,
An' it was the saddest story thet our ears had ever heard;
He hed tol' his own life history, an' no eye was dry thet day,
W'en the elder rose an' simply said: "My brethren, let us pray."

S. W. Foss.

OUT OF THE WAY.

(By permission of Youth's Companion.)

JAMIE'S feet are restless and rough,
Jamie's fingers cause disarray,
Jamie can never make noise enough,
Jamie is told to get out of the way.

Out of the way of beautiful things,
Out of the way with his games and toys,
Out of the way with his sticks and strings,
Out on the street, with the other boys!

Easy to slip from home restraint,
Out of the mother-care, into the throng,
Out of the way of fret and complaint,
Out in the fun—borne swiftly along!

Out of the way of truth and right,
Out with the bold, the reckless, the gay,
Out of purity into the night—
Mother, your boy is out of the way!

Out into darkness, crime, and woe!—
Mother, why do you weep to-day?
Weep that Jamie has sunk so low,
You who sent him out of your way!

Pray you, mother, to be forgiven!
And for your boy, too, pray, oh, pray!
For he is out of the way to Heaven—
Yes, he is surely out of the way!

EMMA C. DOWD.

A FAMISHED HEART.

I KNOW that deep within your heart of hearts
You hold me shrined apart from common things,
And that my step, my voice, can bring to you
A gladness that no other presence brings.

And yet, dear love, through all the weary days
You never speak one word of tenderness,
Nor stroke my hair, nor softly clasp my hand
Within your own in loving, mute caress.

You think, perhaps, I should be all content
To know so well the loving place I hold
Within your life, and so you do not dream
How much I long to hear the story told.

You cannot know, when we two sit alone,
And tranquil thoughts within your mind are stirred,
My heart is crying like a tired child
For one fond look, one gentle, loving word.

It may be when your eyes look into mine '
You only say, "How dear she is to me!"
Oh, could I read it in your softened glance,
How radiant this plain old world would be!

Perhaps, sometimes, you breathe a secret prayer,
That choicest blessings unto me be given;
But if you said aloud, "God bless thee, dear!"
I should not ask a greater boon from Heaven.

I weary sometimes of the rugged way;
But should you say, "Through thee my life is sweet,"
The dreariest desert that our path could cross
Would suddenly grow green beneath my feet.

'Tis not the boundless waters ocean holds
That give refreshment to the thirsty flowers,
But just the drops that, rising to the skies,
From thence descend in softly falling showers.

What matter that our granaries are filled
With all the richest harvest's golden stores,
If we who own them cannot enter in,
But famished stand before the close-barred doors?

And so 'tis sad that those who should be rich
In that true love which crowns our earthly lot,
Go praying with white lips from day to day
For love's sweet tokens, and receive them not.

NATHAN HALE, THE MARTYR SPY.

[After the disastrous defeat of the Americans on Long Island, Washington desired information respecting the British position and movements. Captain Nathan Hale, but twenty-one years old, volunteered to procure the information. He was taken and hanged as a spy the day after his capture, September 22d, 1776. His patriotic devotion, and the brutal treatment he received at the hands of his captors, have suggested the following:]

'TWAS in the year that gave the nation birth—
A time when men esteemed the common good
As greater weal than private gain. A battle fierce
And obstinate had laid a thousand patriots low,
And filled the people's hearts with gloom.

Pursued like hunted deer,
The crippled army fled; and, yet, amid
Disaster and defeat, the Nation's chosen chief
Resolved his losses to retrieve. But not
With armies disciplined and trained by years
Of martial service, could he, this Fabian chief,
Now hope to check the hosts of Howe's victorious le-
gions—
These had he not.

In stratagem the shrewder general
Ofttimes o'ercomes his strong antagonist.
To Washington a knowledge of the plans,
Position, strength of England's force
Must compensate for lack of numbers.

He casts about for one who'd take his life
In hand. Lo! he stands before the chief. In face,
A boy—in form, a man on whom the eye could rest
In search of God's perfected handiwork.

In culture, grace, and speech, reflecting all
A mother's love could lavish on an only son.

The chieftain's keen discerning eye
Appraised the youth at his full worth, and saw
In him those blending qualities that make
The hero and the sage. He fain would save
For nobler deeds a man whose presence marked
A spirit born to lead.

"Young man," he said with kindly air,
"Your country and commander feel grateful that
Such talents are offered in this darkening hour.
Have you in reaching this resolve considered well
Your fitness, courage, strength,—the act, the risk,
You undertake? Have you, in that fine balance, which
Detects an atom on either beam, weighed well
Your chances of escape 'gainst certain fate
Should capture follow in the British camp?"

In tones of fitting modesty that well
Became his years, the patriot answered thus :
"My country's honor, safety, life, it ever was
My highest purpose to defend : that country's foes
Exultant sweep through ruined land and home
And field. A thousand stricken hearts bewail
The loss of those who late our standards bore,
Appeal to us through weeping eyes whose tears
We cannot brush away with words. The ranks
Of those now cold in death are not replaced
By living men. The hour demands a duty rare—
Perhaps a sacrifice. If God and training in
The schools have given me capacities
This duty to perform, the danger of the enterprise

Should not deter me from the act
Whose issue makes our country free. In times
Like these a Nation's life sometimes upon
A single life depends. If mine be deemed
A fitting sacrifice, God grant a quick
Deliverance."

"Enough, go then, at once," the great
Commander said. "May Heaven's guardian angels
give
You safe return. Adieu."

Disguised with care, the hopeful captain crossed
The bay, and moved through British camp
Without discovery by troops or refugees.
The enemy's full strength, in men, in stores,
Munitions, guns,—all military accoutrements
Were noted with exact precision; while
With graphic sketch, each trench and parapet,
Casemated battery, magazine, and every point
Strategic, was drawn with artist's skill.

The task complete, the spy with heart
Elate, now sought an exit through the lines.
Well might he feel a soldier's pride. An hour hence
A waiting steed would bear him to his friends.
His plans he'd lay before his honored chief;
His single hand might turn the tide of war,
His country yet be free.

"Halt!" a British musket leveled at
His head dimmed all the visions of his soul.
A dash—an aimless shot; the spy bore down
Upon the picket with a blow that else

Had freed him from his clutch, but for a score
Of troopers stationed near. In vain the struggle fierce
And desperate—in vain demands to be released.
A tory relative, for safety quartered in
The British camp, would prove his truckling loyalty
With kinsman's blood. A word—a look—
A motion of the head, and he who'd dared
So much in freedom's name was free no more.

O, Judas, self-condemned ! thou art
But the type of many a trait'rous friend,
Who ere and since thy time, betrayed to death
A noble heart. Henceforth be doubly doomed—
A base example to earth's weaker souls.

Before Lord Howe the captive youth
Was led. "Base dog !" the haughty general said,
"Ignoble son of loyal sires ! you've played the spy
Quite well I ween. The cunning skill wherewith
You wrought these plans and charts might well adorn
An honest man ; but in a rebel's hands they're vile
And mischievous. If aught may palliate
A traitor's act, attempted in his sovereign's camp,
I bid you speak ere I pronounce your sentence."

With tone and mien that hushed
The buzzing noise of idle lackeys in the hall,
The patriot thus replied : "You know my name—
My rank ;—my treach'rous kinsman made
My purpose plain. I've nothing further of myself
To tell beyond the charge of traitor to deny.
The brand of spy I do accept without reproach ;
But never since I've known the base ingratitude

Of king to loyal subjects of his realm
 Has British rule been aught to me than barbarous
 Despotism which God and man abhor, and none
 But dastards fear to overthrow.
 For tyrant loyalty your lordship represents
 I never breathed a loyal breath ; and he
 Who calls me traitor seeks a pretext for a crime
 His trembling soul might well condemn."

" I'll hear no more such prating cant,"
 Said Howe, " your crime's enough to hang a dozen men.
 Before to-morrow's sun goes down you'll swing
 'Twixt earth and heaven, that your countrymen
 May know a British camp is dangerous ground
 For prowling spies. Away !"

* * * * *

Securely bound upon a cart, amid
 A speechless crowd, he stands beneath a strong
 Projecting limb, to which a rope with noose attached,
 Portends a tragic scene. He casts his eyes
 Upon the surging multitude. Clearly now
 His tones ring out as victors shout in triumph :

" Men, I do not die in vain,
 My humble death upon this tree will light anew
 The Torch of Liberty. A hundred hands to one
 Before will strike for country, home, and God,
 And fill our ranks with men of faith in His
 Eternal plan to make this people free.
 A million prayers go up this day to free
 The land from blighting curse of tyrant's rule.
 Oppression's wrongs have reached Jehovah's throne :
 The God of vengeance smites the foe ! This land,—
 This glorious land,—is free—is free !"

"My friends, farewell! In dying thus
I feel but one regret; it is the one poor life
I have to give in Freedom's cause."

I. H. BROWN.

TOBE'S MONUMENT.

IT was "after taps," a sultry, Southern-summer night. On the extreme edge of the encampment, on the side nearest the enemy, a sentinel paused in his walk, and peered cautiously out into the darkness. "Pshaw!" he said; "it's nothing but a dog." He was resuming his walk, when the supposed quadruped rose suddenly, and walked along on two feet in a manner so unmistakably human, that the sentinel lowered his musket once more, and shouted, "Halt! Advance, and give the counter-sign!" A faint, childish voice said, "Ain't got none, massa."

"Well, there, now!" said the sentinel, "if it ain't just a little darky, and I guess I've frightened him half to death. Come here, Snowball."

The child crept up, and said, tremblingly: "'Deed, massa, I ain't got nuffin ter gib yer."

"Well, who asked you to give me anything?"

"Yer done ax me fer gib yer suffin jes' now; and I ain't got nuffin 'cep' my close what I got on."

"Well; you needn't fret; I don't want 'em. Corporal of the guard! Post two."

The corporal hastened to "post two," and found the sentinel with his hand on the shoulder of a little black boy, who, between fear, fatigue, and hunger, was unable to give any account of himself. "I'll take him to

Captain Leigh," the corporal said ; " he's officer of the day. Maybe he'll be able to get something out of him."

The captain stood in front of his tent, looking out into the night, when the corporal and his charge approached.

" Captain," said he, " here's a boy just come into the lines."

" Very well ; you can leave him here."

At the first sound of the captain's voice the boy drew nearer to him, as knowing instinctively that he had found a friend.

" You can go into that tent and sleep till morning," said the captain.

" What is your name?" was Captain Leigh's first question the next morning.

" Name Tobe."

" Is that all?"

" Dat's all, Mass Cap'n."

" How old are you?"

" Dunno, Massa Cap'n. Nobody nebber done tole me dat ar."

" Where have you come from?"

" Come fum de back o' Richmon', Mass Cap'n."

" What did you come here for?"

" All de res' ob 'm runned away ; an' ole mass he wor so mad, I wor jes' feared o' my life. 'Sides, I t'ought I mought fin' my mammy ef I got 'mong der Unions."

" Where is your mother?"

" Dunno, Mass Cap'n. Ole mass done sol' her down in Georgy las' corn-shuckin', an' I ain't nebber heerd ob her sence. But I t'ought mebbby she mought ha' runned 'way too, an' I'd fin' her wid der Unions."

" Well, now, what are you going to do?"

" Dunno, Mass Cap'n. I'd like ter stay 'long wid you."

"What can you do?"

"Kin wait on yer, Mass Cap'n; kin shine up boots, an'"—brightening up as his eyes, wandering round caught sight of the horses—"kin clean de hosses right smart." * * * * *

"If I keep you with me you must be a good boy, and do as I tell you."

"'Deed I will, Mass Cap'n. I'se do ebery work yer say, sho's yer born."

So when the troops left Harrison's Landing, Tobe went too, in charge of the captain's horse and baggage; and, when the steamer was fairly under way, he brightened into a new creature as every revolution of the wheel placed a greater distance between himself and "ole massa." * * * * *

It proved that Tobe had told the truth about his skill in taking care of horses. Captain Leigh's horse had never looked so well as now, and the captain was delighted. Tobe turned out, moreover, to be a very good boy. But the army is not a very good place for boys. So one day Captain Leigh said,—

"Tobe, how would you like to go North?"

"Whar's it at, Mass Cap'n?"

"I mean my home at the North."

"When is yer gwine, Mass Cap'n?"

"I am not going at all now."

"Does yer mean ter sen' me away from yer, Mass Cap'n?"

Captain Leigh was touched, and answered him very gently,—

"Yes, I want to send you away from me now, because it will be better for you. But, when the war is over, I shall go home, and then you can stay with me always if you are a good boy."

"I allus does jes' de t'ings yer tell me, Mass Cap'n."

"I know you do. And, just because you do what I tell you so well I want to send you to my home, to run errands for my wife, and do what work she will give you in the house. And I have three little children—two little girls and a baby boy. I want you to go with them when they go out to play and take care of them. My home is in a very pleasant place in the country. Don't you think you would like to go there?"

"Ef yer goes too, Mass Cap'n."

"But, my boy, I can't possibly go now."

"I'se do jes de t'ing yer say, Mass Cap'n. Ef yer tells me to go, I'se go. An' I'se jest do ebery word the missus say, an' I look af'r de chillens de bes' I knows, ontel yer comes dar. On'y please come right soon, Mass Cap'n."

And, as the captain left the tent, Tobe laid his head upon his arm and cried as if his heart would break.

Captain Leigh found a brother officer who was expecting to go home on a furlough, and who readily agreed to take charge of the boy in whom his friend was so deeply interested.

But that night came news that made everybody give up the idea of a "furlough," or "going home." The Richmond government, being determined to "make the North feel the war as she had not felt it," had organized the "grand raid."

An order came for Captain Leigh's regiment to march at daylight.

"Tobe," said the captain, "you can go in one of the baggage-wagons. Strap up my blanket and poncho, and take them along; and these boots, take particular care of them, for it's not often I can get a pair of cavalry boots to fit as they do."

"Yer needn't be feared, Mass Cap'n; I'se take care of 'em de bes' I knows."

The main body of the raiders were reported on the line of the South Mountains, making for Gettysburg. Scouting expeditions were sent out from the Northern army in all directions, and a body of troops, including Captain Leigh's regiment, was ordered to proceed by the shortest route to Gettysburg and head the rebels off. One of the baggage-wagons broke down. The driver of another wagon stopped to help his comrade. The troops passed on, and the two wagons were left alone on the mountain. In one of them was Tobe with the captain's boots, over which he kept constant watch. The men worked busily at the wagon and Tobe sat watching them. Suddenly a tramping of horses' feet was heard, and a party of cavalry came round a turn in the road.

"That's good," said one of the men; "there's some of the boys. If they'll wait a few minutes we can go along with 'em."

"'Tain't none of our boys," said the other, after a keen glance; "them's rebs."

At the word, Tobe slid down in the bottom of the wagon under some blankets, and lay silent and motionless with the boots clasped in his arms.

As the soldiers advanced the officer said, apparently in reply to a question, "No, let the men go: we can't do anything with prisoners here. But we'll look through the wagon, and, if the Yanks have anything we want, 'all's fair in war.'"

They reined their horses by the wagon, and, after a few short, sharp questions, proceeded to break open trunks and bags, and appropriate their contents.

The soldiers were about finishing their examination,

when one of them said, "What's that under the seat of that wagon?"

"Oh! nothing but a torn blanket," said another. "Tain't worth taking. We have got all we want."

"There may be something under it, though."

He pushed aside the blanket with his sabre, and there lay Tobe, endeavoring but unsuccessfully to hide the boots under him.

"Ah!" said the officer, "this is worth while. Here's just what I wanted. Come, boy, hand over those boots, quick."

"'Deed, massa," said Tobe, "I can't gib 'em ter yer. Dey 'longs ter Mass Cap'n, an' he tole me take keer ob 'em mos' partic'lar."

"Can't help that. I've got to have them, so pass them along."

"Please, massa," began Tobe; but the rebel cut him short.

"Will you give me those boots? If you don't do it, and in double-quick time, too, I'll put a ball through your black skin. I won't ask you again. Now, will you give them up?" and he pulled out his pistol.

"'Deed, massa, I can't, case Massa Cap'n"—

There was a sharp click, a flash, a long, sobbing moan, and Tobe lay motionless, the boots still clasped in his arms, and great drops of blood slowly gathering upon them.

"Enemy in sight," shouted a picket, riding up.

The officer hastily gave an order, and the rebels dashed off at a furious speed a few moments before a party of Union cavalry, with Captain Leigh at their head, appeared, riding from the opposite direction.

A few words sufficed for explanation. Captain Leigh

laid his hand on Tobe's shoulder, and spoke his name. At the sound of the voice he loved so well, his eyes opened, and he said faintly, "Mass Cap'n, I done de bes' I knowed. I keep de boots."

"O Tobe!" groaned the captain, "I wish you had given them up. I would have lost everything rather than have had this."

"Mass Cap'n."

"Yes, Tobe, what is it?"

"De little chillens, Mass Cap'n; I meant ter wait on 'em right smart. Tell 'em"— His voice grew fainter, and his eyes closed.

"Yes, my boy: what shall I tell them?"

"Tell 'em I didn't lose de boots; I kep 'em de bes'— I knowed."

There was a faint sigh, a flutter of the eyelids, and the little life that had been so truly "de bes' he knowed" (ah! if we could all say that!) was ended.

Very reverently Captain Leigh lifted the boots, all wet and stained with blood. "I will never wear those boots again," he said; "but I will never part with them. They shall be Tobe's monument."

In the hall of Captain Leigh's house is a deep niche, and in it, on a marble slab covered with a glass case, stands a pair of cavalry boots with dark stains upon them, and on the edge of the slab, in golden letters, is the inscription:

"In memory of Tobe,
Faithful unto death."

ELIZABETH KILHAM.

THE WHISTLING REGIMENT.

(From "Lines and Rhymes," by permission of John W. Lovell Company.)

WHEN the North and South had parted, and the
boom of the signal gun
Had wakened the Northern heroes, for the great deeds
to be done,
When the nation's cry for soldiers had echoed o'er hill
and dale,
When hot youth flushed with courage, while the moth-
er's cheeks turned pale,
In the woods of old New England, as the day sank down
the west,
A loved one stood beside me, her brown head on my
breast.
From the earliest hours of childhood our paths had
been as one,
Her heart was in my keeping, though I knew not
when 'twas won ;
We had learned to love each other, in a half un-
spoken way,
But it ripened to full completeness when the parting
came that day,
Not a tear in the eyes of azure, but a deep and fer-
vent prayer,
That seemed to say : "God bless you, and guard you,
everywhere."
At the call for volunteers, her face was like drifted
snow ;
She read in my eyes a question and her loyal heart
said, "Go,"

As the roll of the drums drew nearer, through the
leaves of the rustling trees,
The strains of Annie Laurie were borne to us on the
breeze.
Then I drew her pale face nearer and said: "Brave
heart and true,
Your tender love and prayers shall bring me back
to you."
And I called her my Annie Laurie and whispered to
to her that I
For her sweet sake was willing—to lay me down and
die.
And I said: "Through the days of danger, that little
song shall be
Like a pass-word from this hillside, to bring your
love to me."
Oh! many a time, at nightfall, in the very shades of
death,
When the picket lines were pacing their rounds with
bated breath.
The lips of strong men trembled and brave breasts
heaved a sigh,
When some one whistled softly: "I'd lay me down
and die."
The tender little ballad our watch-word soon became,
And in place of Annie Laurie each had a loved one's
name.
In the very front of battle, where the bullets thickest fly,
The boys from old New England oftentimes went rush-
ing by,
And the rebel lines before us gave way where'er we
went,
For the gray coats fled in terror from the "whistling
regiment."

Amidst the roar of the cannon, and the shriek of the
shells on high,
You could hear the brave boys whistling: "I'd lay
me down and die."
But, alas! Though truth is mighty and right will, at
last, prevail,
There are times when the best and bravest, by the
wrong outnumbered, fail;
And thus, one day, in a skirmish, but a half-hour's
fight at most,
A score of the whistling soldiers were caught by the
rebel host.
With hands tied fast behind us, we were dragged to
a prison pen,
Where hollow-eyed and starving, lay a thousand loyal
men.
No roof but the vault of heaven, no bed save the
beaten sod,
Shut in from the world around us, by a wall where the
sentries trod,
For a time our Annie Laurie brought cheer to that prison
pen;
A hope to the hearts of the living; a smile to the dying men.
But the spark of Hope burned dimly, when each day's
setting sun
Dropped the pall of night o'er a comrade, whose sands of
life were run.
One night, in a dismal corner, where the shadows darkest
fell,
We huddled close together, to hear a soldier tell
The tales of dear New England and of loved ones wait-
ing there,
When, Hark! a soft, low whistle pierced through the
heavy air,

And the strain was Annie Laurie. Each caught the
other's eye,
And with trembling lips we answered : " I'd lay me down
and die."
From the earth, near the wall behind us, a hand came
struggling through,
With a crumpled bit of paper for the captive boys in
blue.
And the name ! My God ! 'Twas Annie, my Annie, true
and brave,
From the hills of old New England she had followed me
to save.
" Not a word or a sign, but follow where'er you may be led.
Bring four of your comrades with you," was all that the
writing said.
Only eight were left of the twenty and lots were quickly
thrown,
Then our trembling fingers widened the space where the
hand had shown.
With a stealthy glance at the sentries, the prisoners gath-
ered round,
And the five whom fate had chosen stole silent under-
ground,
On, on, through the damp earth creeping, we followed our
dusky guide,
Till under a bank o'erhanging, we came to the riverside :
" Straight over," a low voice whispered, " where you see
yon beacon light."
And ere we could say, " God bless you," he vanished into
the night.
Through the fog and damp of the river, when the moon
was hid from sight,
With a fond, old, faithful negro, brave Annie had crossed
each night ;

And the long, dark, narrow passage had grown till we
heard close by
The notes of the dear old pass-word : " I'd lay me down
and die."
With oar-locks muffled and silent, we pushed out into the
stream,
When a shot rang out on the stillness. We could see by
the musket gleam,
A single sentry firing, but the balls passed harmless by,
For the stars had hid their faces and clouds swept o'er the
sky.
O God! How that beacon burning, brought joy to my
heart, that night,
For I knew whose hand had kindled that fire to guide our
flight.
The new-born hope of freedom filled every arm with
strength,
And we pulled at the oars like giants till the shore was
reached at length.
We sprang from the skiff, half fainting, once more in the
land of the free,
And the lips of my love were waiting to welcome and
comfort me.
In my wasted arms I held her, while the weary boys close
by
Breathed low, " For Annie Laurie, I'd lay me down and
die."

JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of
day,
Far through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river-wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side ?

There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart :

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE DEATH-BRIDGE OF THE TAY.

(From "Farm Festivals." Copyright, 1881, by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.)

THE night and the storm fell together upon the old
town of Dundee,
And, trembling, the mighty firth-river held out its cold
hand toward the sea.
Like the dull-booming bolts of a cannon, the wind swept
the streets and the shores ;
It wrenched at the roofs and the chimneys, it crashed
'gainst the windows and doors ;
Like a mob that is drunken and frenzied, it surged
through the streets up and down,
And screamed the sharp, shrill cry of " Murder ! " o'er
river and hill-top and town.
It leaned its great breast 'gainst the belfries, it perched
upon minaret and dome—
Then sprang on the shivering firth-river, and tortured
its waves into foam.
'Twas a night when the landsman seeks shelter, and
cares not to venture abroad ;
When the sailor clings close to the rigging, and prays for
the mercy of God.

Look ! the moon has come out, clad in splendor, the turbulent scene to behold ;
She smiles at the night's devastation, she dresses the storm-king in gold.
She kindles the air with her cold flame, as if to her hand it were given
To light the frail earth to its ruin, with the tenderest radiance of heaven.
Away to the north, ragged mountains climb high through the shuddering air ;
They bend their dark brows o'er the valley, to read what new ruin is there.
Along the shore-line creeps the city, in crouching and sinuous shape,
With firesides so soon to be darkened, and doors to be shaded with crape !
To the south, like a spider-thread waving, there curves, for a two-mile away,
This world's latest man-devised wonder,—the far-famous bridge of the Tay.
It stretches and gleams into distance ; it creeps the broad stream o'er and o'er,
Till it rests its strong, delicate fingers in the palm of the opposite shore.
But look ! through the mists of the southward, there flash to the eye clear and plain,
Like a meteor that's bound to destruction, the lights of a swift-coming train !
* * * * *
'Mid the lights that so gayly are gleaming yon city of Dundee within,
Is one that is waiting a wanderer, who long o'er the ocean has been.

His age-burdened parents are watching from the window
that looks on the firth,
For the train that will come with their darling, their
truest-loved treasure on earth.
“He’ll be comin’ the nicht,” says the father, “for sure
the hand-writin’s his ain ;
The letter says, ‘Ha’ the lamp lichted. I’ll come on the
seven o’clock train.
For years in the mines I’ve been toiling, in this wonder-
fu’ West, o’er the sea ;
My work has brought back kingly wages ; there’s plenty
for you an’ for me.
Your last days shall e’en be your best days ; the high-
stepping youngster you knew,
Who cost so much care in his raising, now’ll care for
himself and for you.
Gang not to the station to meet me ; ye never need run
for me more ;
But when ye shall hear the gate clickit, ye maun rise
up and open the door.
We will hae the first glow of our greeting when nae one
o’ strangers be nigh,
We will smile out the joy o’ our meeting on the spot
where we wept our good-bye.
Ye maun put me a plate on the table, an’ set in the auld
place a chair ;
An’ if but the good Lord be willing, doubt never a bit
I’ll be there.
So sit ye an’ wait for my coming (ye will na’ watch for
me in vain),
An’ see me glide o’er the river, along o’ the roar o’ the
train.

Ye may sit at the southermost window, for I will come
hame from that way ;
I will fly where I swam, when a youngster, across the
broad Firth o' the Tay.' ”

So they sit at the southernmost window, the parents, with
hand clasped in hand,
And gaze o'er the tempest-vexed waters, across to the
storm-shaken land.

They see the bold acrobat-monster creep out on the
treacherous line ;

Its cinder-breath glitters like star-dust, its lamp-eyes they
glimmer and shine.

It braces itself 'gainst the tempest—it fights for each
inch with the foe—

With torrents of air all around it—with torrents of
water below.

But look! look! the monster is stumbling, while trembles
the fragile bridge-wall—

They struggle like athletes entwining—then both like a
thunder-bolt fall!

Down, down through the dark the train plunges, with
speed unaccustomed and dire ;

It glows with its last dying beauty—it gleams like a hail-
storm of fire!

No wonder the mother faints death-like, and clings like
a clod to the floor!

No wonder the man writhes in frenzy, and dashes his
way through the door!

He fights his way out through the tempest ; he is beaten
and baffled and tossed ;

He cries, “ The train's gang off the Tay brig! lend help
here to look for the lost!”

Oh, little to him do they listen, the crowds to the river
that flee ;
The news, like the shock of an earthquake, has thrilled
through the town of Dundee.
Like travelers belated, they're rushing to where the bare
station-walls frown ;
Suspense twists the blade of their anguish, like maniacs
they run up and down.
Out, out, creep two brave, sturdy fellows, o'er danger-
strewn buttress and piers ;
They can climb 'gainst that blast, for they carry the
blood of old Scotch mountaineers.
But they leave it along as they clamber ; they mark all
their hand-path with red ;
Till they come where the torrent leaps bridgeless,—a
grave dancing over its dead.
A moment they gaze down in horror ; then creep from
the death-laden tide,
With the news, "There's nae help for our loved ones,
save God's mercy for them who have died !"

How sweetly the sunlight can sparkle o'er graves where
our best hopes have lain !
How brightly its gold beams can glisten on faces that
whiten with pain !
Oh, never more gay were the wavelets, and careless in
innocent glee,
And never more sweet did the sunrise shine over the
town of Dundee.
But though the town welcomed the morning, and the
firth threw its gold lances back,
On the hearts of the grief-stricken people, death's cloud
rested heavy and black.

And the couple who waited last evening their man-
statured son to accost,
Now laid their heads down on the table, and mourned
for the boy that was lost.

"'Twas sae sad," moaned the crushed aged mother, each
word dripping o'er with a tear,

"Sae far he should come for to find us, and then he
should perish sae near!

O Robin, my bairn! ye did wander far from us for mony
a day,

And when ye ha' come back sae near us, why could na'
ye come a' the way?"

"I hae come a' the way," said a strong voice, and a
bearded and sun-beaten face

Smiled on them the first joyous pressure of one long
and filial embrace;

"I cam' on last nicht far as Newport, but Maggie, my
bride that's to be,

She ran through the storm to the station, to get the
first greeting o' me,

I leaped from the carriage to kiss her; she held me sae
fast and sae ticht,

The train it ran off and did leave me; I could nae get
over the night.

I tried for to walk the brig over, my head it was a' in a
whirl;

I could na'—ye know the sad reason—I had to go back
to my girl!

I hope ye'll tak' kindly to Maggie; she's promised to
soon be my wife;

She's a darling wee bit of a lassie, and her fondness it
saved me my life."

The night and the storm fell together upon the sad town
of Dundee,
The half-smothered song of the tempest swept out like a
sob to the sea ;
The voice of the treacherous storm-king, as mourning
for them he had slain ;
O cruel and blood-thirsty tempest ! your false tears are
shed all in vain !
Beneath the dread roof of this ruin your sad victims
nestle and creep ;
They hear not the voices that call them ; if they come,
they will come in their sleep.
No word can they tell of their terror, no step of the
dark route retrace,
Unless their sad story be written upon the white page
of the face.
Perchance that may speak of their anguish when first
came the crash of despair ;
The long-drawn suspense of the instant they plunged
through the shuddering air ;
The life-panoramas that flitted swift past them, with
duties undone ;
The brave fight for life in a battle that strong death
already had won ;
The half stifled shouting of anguish the aid of high
Heaven to implore ;
The last patient pang of submission, when effort was
ended and o'er.
But, tempest, a bright star in heaven a message of com-
fort sends back,
And draws our dim glances to skyward, away from thy
laurels of black ;

Thank God that whatever the darkness that covers His
creature's dim sight,
He always vouchsafes some deliverance, throws some
one a sweet ray of light ;
Thank God that the strength of His goodness from dark
depths ascended on high,
And carried the souls of the suffering away to the realms
of the sky ;
Thank God that His well-tempered mercy came down
with the clouds from above,
And saved one from out the destruction, and him by
the angel of love.

WILL CARLETON.

SHE WASHED FOR HIM.

MY late washerwoman was a humorist. She had a fine idea of the anatomy of a joke.

I don't think I ever laughed so painfully in my life as I did when I endeavored to sort out the first week's washing which she brought home to me. There were thirteen stockings of different hues in the bundle, and I had never seen any of them before. They ranged in size all the way from a little one belonging to my landlady's infant phenomenon, up to the stocking which she herself used to hang on the chimney-piece of her home in Chicago every Christmas, as a delicate hint to her husband that she would like a piano for a present.

Right across the hall from me, in bachelor quarters similar to mine, lived a young man of diminutive stature, whose name was Sydney Dale. I was constantly getting his clothes and he was getting mine. This was bad enough for him, but it was worse for me, because,

while he could wear my clothes by taking three or four reefs in them, I couldn't get into his at all.

Our washerwoman used to work this exchange so frequently that, after awhile, when either of us had to dress in a hurry, we usually found it most convenient to do so in the other's room.

One evening Sydney had an engagement to play the heavy villain in an amateur theatrical performance. As I subsequently learned, he got to his room in a great hurry, with about twenty minutes' time to get into a dress-suit and escape to the scene of his histrionic triumphs. By this time his stock of underwear had been very nearly exhausted by the depredations of our washerwoman, and he discovered, to his horror, that he had only one dress-shirt in stock, and that was mine. It called for a number sixteen collar, and the sleeves were about a foot too long. It happened that I was away, and the door of my room was locked, so that he couldn't extend his search for raiment beyond the boundaries of his own apartment. He had to make the best of it, and pin up my sleeves to the required length as securely as might be.

I attended the performance, and was well repaid for my trouble. Just before the curtain went up an usher brought me a note from Sydney asking me to come to the dressing-room. I did so.

"Old man," said he, in an excited tone of voice, "have you on any of my clothes?"

"Only a few," I replied, "and I don't think they're what you want."

"Don't tell me that shirt isn't mine," he cried, "it's the last chance I've got."

"Sorry for you, old fellow," said I, "but it belongs to

a gentleman named Smitzberger, who lives in our block somewhere, I understand."

"How big a man is Smitzberger?" he faltered.

"Taller than I am," I replied, "and nearly four times as big round. He has got to get his collars made to order. It's nonsense, my boy; you'll have to go on as you are."

He groaned; but just at that minute the curtain went up, and Sydney had to take his place in the wings. I returned to my seat in the audience.

Sydney got along very well in the early part of the play, and I think nobody noticed that anything was the matter except once, when he sat down and half his face went out of sight behind his collar. This created some amusement, and led the audience to hope that something funny might happen later on. It did.

As I remember, it was in the fourth act. The villain is always especially offensive and pitiless about this time, when his downfall is drawing so near. The heroine was kneeling at his feet, begging him to be merciful, and not to disclose the fatal secret that would blast her father's good name and send a large detachment of innocent victims to various terms in State's prison.

Sydney put on his most heartless frown and threw out his right arm with a gesture expressive of boundless ferocity. Unfortunately, he threw it out a little too violently. A pin gave way somewhere, and apparently about a yard of my shirt sleeve flew out from under the cover and then fell limp around his hand. Just then the hero rushed in to the rescue. He was a somewhat spasmodic young man, and he seized Sydney by the back of the neck so realistically that he pulled the numbersixteen collar entirely over Sydney's head, and the unfortunate

young man disappeared completely in the folds of my too ample garment.

The audience applauded wildly. They had probably never seen a stage villain so completely and satisfactorily wiped out. He had withdrawn into his shell. The entire company was called before the curtain before the assembled multitude would stop laughing.

But poor Sydney never recovered from the humiliation of that episode. He disappeared and I did not know what had become of him. Several days later I received a note from a coroner. His name was McGinty, and he had only recently been naturalized. He asked me to call at the morgue and see if a body lying there was mine. I was suspected of being the remains because my name had been found on the shirt of the deceased. He added a request that I would hand the note to one of my relatives in case I had really committed suicide, as he suspected, in order that I might be identified at the earliest possible moment.

Public documents of this nature are frequently confusing, especially when they have to do with legal formalities. However, I went to the morgue and inspected the shirt with my name on it. I also saw a stocking marked T. M. Jones, and another, much smaller, stamped A. D. T. The collar of the deceased was marked R. D. ; and the cuffs respectively P. D. Q. and John Brown. Three handkerchiefs in the pockets of the remains bore nine different initials, and the coroner didn't seem to know just how many inquests he ought to hold. He was really perplexed.

But I was not. I recognized the handiwork of my washerwoman, and when I gazed upon the face of the dead I was not surprised to find that it was Sydney Dale's.

HOWARD FIELDING.

THE DEFENCE OF THE BRIDE.

From "The Sword of Damocles." Permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

HE was coming from the altar when the tocsin rang
alarm,

With his fair young wife beside him, lovely in her bridal
charm ;

But he was not one to palter with a duty, or to slight
The trumpet-call of honor for his vantage or delight.

Turning from the bride beside him to his stern and
martial train,

From their midst he summoned to him the brothers of
Germain ;

At the word they stepped before him, nine strong
warriors brave and true,

From the youngest to the eldest, Enguerrand to mighty
Hugh.

" Sons of Germain, to your keeping do I yield my bride,
to-day.

Guard her well as you do love me ; guard her well and
holily.

Dearer than mine own soul to me, you will hold her as
your life,

'Gainst the guile of seeming friendship and the force of
open strife."

" We will guard her," cried they firmly ; and with just
another glance

On the yearning and despairing in his young wife's
countenance,

Gallant Beaufort strode before them down the aisle and
through the door,
And a shadow came and lingered where the sunlight
stood before.

Eight long months the young wife waited, watching from
her bridal room
For the coming of her husband up the valley forest's
gloom.

Eight long months the sons of Germain paced the ram-
parts and the wall
With their hands upon their halberds ready for the
battle-call.

Then there came a sound of trumpets pealing up the
vale below,
And a dozen floating banners lit the forest with their
glow,
And the bride arose like morning when it feels the sun-
light nigh,
And her smile was like a rainbow flashing from a misty
sky.

But the eldest son of Germain lifting voice from off the
wall,
Cried aloud, "It is a stranger's and not Sir Beaufort's
call;
Have you ne'er a slighted lover or a kinsman with a
heart
Base enough to seek his vengeance at the sharp end of
the dart?"

"There is Sassard of the Mountains," answered she
without enguile,
"While I wedded at the chancel, he stood mocking in
the aisle;

And my maidens say he swore there that for all my
plighted vow,
They would see me in his castle yet upon Morency's
brow."

"It is Sassard and no other then," her noble guardian
cried ;

"There is craft in yonder summons," and he rung his
sword beside.

"To the walls, ye sons of Germain! and as each would
hold his life

From the bitter shame of falsehood, let us hold our
master's wife."

"Can you hold her, can you shield her from the breezes
that await?"

Cried the stinging voice of Sassard from his stand beside
the gate.

"If you have the power to shield her from the sunlight
and the wind,

You may shield her from stern Sassard when his falchion
is untwined."

"We can hold her, we can shield her," leaped like fire
from off the wall,

And young Enguerrand the valiant, sprang out before
them all.

"And if breezes bring dishonor, we will guard her from
their breath,

Though we yield her to the keeping of the sacred arms
of Death."

And with force that never faltered, did they guard her
all that day,

Though the strength of triple armies seemed to battle in
the fray,

The old castle's rugged ramparts holding firm against
the foe,

As a goodly dyke resisteth the whelming billow's flow.

But next morning as the sunlight rose in splendor over
all,

Hugh, the mighty, sank heart-wounded in his station on
the wall,

At the noon the valiant Raoul of the merry eye and
heart,

Gave his beauty and his jestings to the foeman's jealous
dart.

Gallant Maurice next sank faltering with a death
wound 'neath his hair,

But still fighting on till Sassard pressed across him up
the stair.

Generous Clement followed after, crying as his spirit
passed,

"Sons of Germain, to the rescue, and be loyal to the
last!"

Gentle Jaspar, lordly Clarence, Sessamine the doughty
brand,

Even Henri who had yielded ne'er before to mortal
hand;

One by one they fall and perish, while the vaunting foe-
men pour

Though the breach and up the courtway to the very
turret's door.

Enguerrand and Stephen only now were left of all that
nine,

To protect the single stairway from the traitor's fell de-
sign;

But with might as 'twere of thirty, did they wield the
axe and brand,
Striving in their desperation the fierce onslaught to
withstand.

But what man of power so godlike he can stay the
billow's wrack,
Or with single-handed weapon hold an hundred foemen
back !

As the sun turned sadly westward, with a wild despair-
ing cry,
Stephen bowed his noble forehead and sank down on
earth to die.

"Ah! ha!" then cried cruel Sassard with his foot upon
the stair,

"Have I come to thee, my boaster?" and he whirled his
sword in air.

"Thou who pratest of thy power to protect her to the
death,

What think'st thou now of Sassard and the wind's as-
piring breath?"

"What I think let this same show you," answered fiery
Enguerrand,

And he poised his lofty battle-axe with sure and steady
hand;

"Now as Heaven loveth justice, may this deathly
weapon fall

On the murderer of my brothers and th' undoer of us
all."

With one mighty whirl he sent it; flashing from his
hand it came,

Like the lightning from the heavens in a whirl of awful
flame,

And betwixt the brows of Sassard and his two false eye-
balls passed,
And the murderer sank before it, like a tree before the
blast.

"Now ye minions of a traitor if you look for vengeance,
come!"

And his voice was like a trumpet when it clangs a victor
home.

But a cry from far below him rose like thunder upward,
"Nay!"

Let them turn and meet the husband if they hunger for
the fray."

O the yell that sprang to heaven as that voice swept
up the stair,

And the slaughter dire that followed in another moment
there!

From the least unto the greatest, from the henchman to
the lord,

Not a man on all that stairway lived to sheath again his
sword.

At the top that flame-bound forehead, at the base that
blade of fire—

'Twas the meeting of two tempests in their potency and
ire.

Ere the moon could falter inward with its pity and its
woe

Beaufort saw the path before him unencumbered of the
foe.

Saw his pathway unencumbered and strode up and o'er
the floor,

Even to the very threshold of his lovely lady's door,

And already in his fancy did he see the golden beam
Of her locks upon his shoulder and her sweet eyes'
happy gleam :

When behold a form upstarting from the shadows at his
side,
That with naked sword uplifted barred the passage to
his bride ;
It was Enguerrand the dauntless, but with staring eyes
and hair
Blowing wild about a forehead pale as snow in moonlit
glare.

" Ah ! my master, we have held her, we have guarded
her !" he said.

" Not a shadow of dishonor has so much as touched her
head."

Twenty wretches lie below there with the brothers of
Germain,
Twenty foeman of her honor that I, Enguerrand, have
slain.

" But one other foe remaineth, one remaineth yet," he
cried,

" Which it fits this hand to punish ere you cross unto
your bride.

It is I, Enguerrand !" shrieked he ; " and as I have
slain the rest,

So I smite this foeman also !" — and his sword plunged
through his breast.

O the horror of that moment ! " Art thou mad, my
Enguerrand ?"

Cried his master, striving wildly to withdraw the fatal
brand.

But the stern youth smiling sadly, started back from his
embrace,
While a flash like summer lightning, flickered direful
on his face.

"Yes, a traitor worse than Sassard," and he pointed
down the stair,

"For my heart has dared to love her whom my hand
defended there."

While the others fought for honor, I by passion was
made strong,

Set your heel upon my bosom for my soul has done you
wrong.

"But," and here he swayed and faltered till his knee
sank on the floor,

Yet in falling turned his forehead ever toward that
silent door;

"But your warrior hand, my master, may take mine
without a stain,

For my hand has e'er been loyal, and your enemy is
slain."

ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

DANIEL PERITON'S RIDE.

An incident of the terrible Johnstown Flood. Permission of "The
Independent."

ALL day long the river flowed,
Down by the winding mountain road,
Leaping and roaring in angry mood,
At stubborn rocks in its way that stood ;

Sullen the gleam of its rippled crest,
Dark was the foam on its yellow breast ;
The dripping banks on either side
But half imprisoned the turgid tide.
By farm and village it quickly sped—
The weeping skies bent low overhead—
Foaming and rusbing and tumbling down
Into the streets of pent Johnstown—
Down through the valley of Conemaugh,
Down from the dam of shale and straw,
To the granite bridge, where its waters pour,
Through the arches wide, with a dismal roar.

All day long the pitiful tide
Babbled of death on the mountain side ;
And all day long, with jest and sigh,
They who were doomed that day to die,
Turned deafened ears to the warning roar
They had heard so oft and despised before.
Yet women trembled—the mother's eyes
Turned oft to the lowering, woful skies—
And shuddered to think what might befall
Should the flood burst over the earthen wall.
So all day long they went up and down,
Heedless of peril in doomed Johnstown.

And all day long in the chilly gloom
Of a thrifty merchant's counting-room,
O'er the ledger bent with anxious care
Old Periton's only son and heir.
A commonplace, plodding, industrious youth,
Counting debit and credit the highest truth,
And profit and loss a more honored game
Than searching for laurels or fighting for fame.

He saw the dark tide as it swept by the door,
But heeded it not till his task was o'er ;
Then saddled his horse—a black-pointed bay—
High-stepping, high-blooded—grandson of Dismay—
Raw-boned and deep-chested—his eyes full of fire—
The temper of Satan—Magog was his sire—
Arched fetlocks, strong quarters, low knees,
And lean, bony head—his dam gave him these—
The foal of a racer transformed to a cob
For the son of the merchant when out of a job.
“ Now I’ll see,” said Dan Periton, mounting the bay,
“ What danger there is of the dam giving way !”

A marvelous sight young Periton saw
When he rode up the valley of Conemaugh.
Seventy feet the water fell
With a roar like the angry ocean’s swell !
Seventy feet from the crumbling crest
To the rock on which the foundations rest !
Seventy feet fell the ceaseless flow
Into the boiling gulf below !
Dan Periton’s cheek grew pale with fear,
As the echoes fell on his startled ear,
And he thought of the weight of the pent-up tide,
That hung on the rifted mountain-side,
Held by that heap of stone and straw
O’er the swarming valley of Conemaugh !
The raw-boned bay, with quivering ears,
Displayed a brute’s instinctive fears,
Snorted and pawed with flashing eye,
Seized on the curb, and turned to fly !

Dan Periton tightened his grip on the rein,
Sat close to the saddle, glanced backward again,

Touched the bay with the spur, then gave him his head,
And down the steep valley they clattering sped.
Then the horse showed his breeding—the close gripping
•knees

Felt the strong shoulders working with unflagging ease
As mile after mile, 'neath the high-blooded bay,
The steep mountain turnpike flew backward away,
While with outstretched neck he went galloping down
With the message of warning to periled Johnstown,
Past farmhouse and village, while shrilly outrang,
O'er the river's deep roar and the hoof's iron clang,
His gallant young rider's premonitant shout,
"Fly! Fly to the hill! The waters are out!"

Past Mineral Point there came such a roar
As never had shaken those mountains before!
Dan urged the good horse then with word and caress;
'Twould be his last race, what mattered distress?
A mile farther on and behind him he spied
The wreck-laden crest of the death-dealing tide!
Then he plied whip and spur and redoubled the shout,
"To the hills! To the hills! The waters are out!"
Thus horseman and flood-tide came racing it down
The cinder-paved streets of doomed Johnstown!

Daniel Periton knew that his doom was nigh,
Yet never once faltered his clarion cry;
The blood ran off from his good steed's side;
Over him hung the white crest of the tide;
His hair felt the touch of the eygre's breath;
The spray on his cheek was the cold kiss of death;
Beneath him the horse 'gan to tremble and droop—
He saw the pale rider who sat on the croup!

But clear over all rang his last warning shout,
"To the hills! To the hills! For the waters are out!"
Then the tide reared its head and leaped vengefully
down
On the horse and his rider in fated Johnstown!

That horse was a hero, so poets still say,
That brought the good news of the treaty to Aix;
And the steed is immortal, which carried Revere,
Through the echoing night with his message of fear;
And the one that bore Sheridan into the fray,
From Winchester town "twenty miles away;"
But none of these merits a nobler lay
Than young Daniel Periton's raw-boned bay
That raced down the valley of Conemaugh,
With the tide that rushed through the dam of straw,
Roaring and rushing and tearing down
On the fated thousands in doomed Johnstown!
In the very track of the eygre's swoop,
With Dan in the saddle and Death on the croup,
The foam of his nostrils flew back on the wind,
And mixed with the foam of the billow behind.

A terrible vision the morrow saw
In the desolate valley of Conemaugh!
The river had shrunk to its narrow bed,
But its way was choked with the heaped-up dead.
'Gainst the granite bridge with its arches four
Lay the wreck of a city that delves no more;
And under it all, so the searchers say,
Stood the sprawling limbs of the gallant bay,
Stiff-cased in the drift of the Conemaugh.
A goodlier statue man never saw—

Dan's foot in the stirrup, his hand on the rein !
So shall they live in white marble again ;
And ages shall tell, as they gaze on the group,
Of the race that he ran while Death sat on the croup.

ALBION W. TOURGÉE.

O'GRADY'S GOAT.

O'GRADY lived in Shanty row.
The neighbors often said
They wished that Tim would move away
Or that his goat was dead.
He kept the neighborhood in fear,
And the children always vexed ;
They couldn't tell jist whin or where
The goat would pop up nexht.

Ould Missis Casey stood wan day
The dirty clothes to rub
Upon the washboard, when she dived
Headforemosht o'er the tub ;
She lit upon her back an' yelled.
As she was lying flat :
Go git your goon an' kill the bashte."
O'Grady's goat doon that.

Pat Doolan's woife hung out the wash
Upon the line to dry.
She wint to take it in at night,
But stopped to have a cry.
The sleeves av two red flannel shirts,
That once were worn by Pat,
Were chewed off almost to the neck.
O'Grady's goat doon that.

They had a party at McCune's,
An' they wor having foon,
Whin suddinly there was a crash
An' ivrybody roon.
The iseter soup fell on the floor
An' nearly drowned the cat ;
The stove was knocked to smithereens.
O'Grady's goat doon that.

Moiike Dyle was coortin' Biddy Shea,
Both standin' at the gate,
An' they wor jist about to kiss
Aich oother sly and shwate.
They coom together loike two rams,
An' mashed their noses flat.
They niver shpake whin they goes by.
O'Grady's goat doon that.

O'Hoolerhan brought home a keg
Av dannymite wan day
To blow a cistern in his yard
An' hid the stuff away.
But suddinly an airthquake coom,
O'Hoolerhan, house an' hat,
An' ivrything in sight wint up.
O'Grady's goat doon that.

An' there was Dooley's Savhin's Bank,
That held the byes' sphare cash.
One day the news came doon the sthreet
The bank had ghone to smash.
An' iverybody 'round was dum
Wid anger and wid fear,
Fer on the dhoor they red the whords,
" O'Grady's goat sthruck here."

The folks in Grady's naborhood
All live in fear and fright;
They think it's certain death to go
Around there after night.
An' in their shlope they see a ghost
Upon the air afloat,
An' wake thimselves by shoutin' out :
"Luck out for Grady's goat."

WILL S. HAYS.

LITTLE LEAF'S SACRIFICE.

LITTLE LEAF had never seen the world before. She had lain quietly in her little brown cradle all winter, rocked carefully by the mother-tree, but now that the spring had come she no longer felt content to lie sleeping under the warm coverlet, but longed to peep about her, to stretch her cramped limbs and grow.

She had been a long time getting out of the cradle, for she was but a wee, slender thing, and often, when she had crept to the very edge of her small prison and raised her little head to make the final jump over the side, a great rough wind, who had just come down from the North Pole, would rush out from behind a bough where he had been hiding, and shout "Boo!" right in her face. This would frighten Little Leaf so that she would shrink back into the furthest corner of her cradle, pull the brown coverlet over her face, and would not dare to stir again for many days.

But one morning the sun shone so bright and the air was so balmy that she resolved to be afraid no longer, and for the first time raised her head clear above the brown cradle, and looked the world square in the face.

What a world it was! Such a sea of shimmering green lay all about her! While above her, at her left, at her right, on every side as far as the eye could reach, thousands upon thousands of pink-lipped apple-blossoms smiled up at the sunshine. A great wave of fragrance broke over her dazed head, and a chorus of bird voices greeted her astonished ears. Just beneath her, on a broad limb of the tree, a golden-breasted robin began to build her nest. Little Leaf had never seen a nest before and she watched the construction of this one with great interest. By and by she began to make friends with the robin, and the two were soon very well acquainted.

After a while the nest was finished, and Little Leaf thought there was never anything so beautiful in the world. Mrs. Robin was fairly beside herself with joy and kept up a twitter of admiration the whole day. But the culminating point of their happiness was reached when, lying warm and cozy in the little nest, was a beautiful blue egg! How proud and happy then were both Mr. and Mrs. Robin.

Could it be that one day a little fleet-winged bird would fly from the blue shell and soar away, away above the apple-blossoms high up in the blue sky!

Little Leaf could not understand it. She had been told that some day, a long, long way off, she herself must leave the safe limb to which she clung and, dying, drop down to the earth. Why should one of them leave its home to fly up toward the light, and the other, so close by, drop to the ground dying. Little Leaf was thinking it over while Mr. and Mrs. Robin were away on an errand, when suddenly she heard voices beneath her. Looking down she beheld two small boys sitting on the ground under the tree and looking upward among its branches.

"I'll bet you a fish-hook there's an egg in that nest," said one of them.

"Oh! pshaw!" said the other; "I know there aint."

"Well, you just climb up and see. It's a robin's nest, and I am trying to see how long a string of robin's eggs I can get."

"It's wrong to rob birds' nests," said the other; "sister says 'tis."

"Oh! he dassent climb a tree 'cause his sister tells him not to!" said the first boy, mockingly.

"I haint afraid; I dast, too," said the other, removing his coat and preparing to climb the tree.

Little Leaf grew frightened; oh! if Mrs. Robin would only come! Was it possible these cruel boys would take away the beautiful egg and the little bird-life? Was there no way to save the treasure?

Little Leaf looked out into the beautiful world that she loved so well. What a world it was! What a great gift was life!

The boy was half-way up the tree.

Little Leaf glanced down at her bright glassy dress, so new and dainty. How it glistened when the sun shone upon it! What joy it was to dance in the soft breezes and smell the sweet fragrance and feel the thrill of life throughout her being.

"O life! how beautiful you are," murmured Little Leaf.

The boy had almost reached the nest.

Little Leaf shut her eyes and bowed her small body with all its weight on the slender stem. It snapped; down dropped Little Leaf into the nest right over the little egg. A quiver ran through her frame. She shrank closer to the egg.

"Good-bye, dear world," she said, faintly—and Little Leaf's life was ended.

The boy's face was on a level with the nest now. He peered over into it anxiously, but saw only an apparently empty nest, with a dead leaf lying in it. He scrambled quickly down.

"You've lost your fish-hook, Bill," he said; "I knew all the time there wasn't nothing in the nest."

"Wasn't there?" said Bill.

"Not a thing but a dead leaf."

"Well, I hain't got no fish-hook now, but I'll give you one some time. Come, let's go home."

Mr. and Mrs. Robin were both greatly surprised and pained to find on returning to their home that Little Leaf was dead. They gave her a gentle burial, and dropped many tears in her grave, but they never knew that the brave little life had been offered up, a willing sacrifice, for love of them.

HATTIE A. PENNEY.

JOHN OF MT. SINAI.

A MONG the Sinai monks the Brother John,
A shrunk and dwarfish man, was numbered; one
Who winced beneath the burden of the cross;
And while he claimed to count his gain but loss
For Christ, he counted grudgingly the gain
He lost, and gave it up for Christ with pain.
And when to labors till the evening damp
Were added vigils by the midnight lamp,
Abundant hardships after meagre fare,
Of sleep o'er little, and o'er much of prayer,

The monk's vocation seemed no easy yoke
And burden light, of which the Master spoke.
He bore it with impatience. Poor, unwise,
He dwelt upon the pain of sacrifice
And lost its blessing. In his troubled breast
His wrung soul cried a bitter cry for rest.

"Behold," said he, "the lilies, how they grow!
They toil not, spin not, yet I surely know
They give God glory which He pleased receives,
And them His easy service never grieves.
The angels, too, in their celestial spheres,
No flagellations have, nor fasts, nor tears,
To make their service bitter. Only men
Serve God with utter wretchedness." And then
He vowed to break the chains the brothers wore,
And run their toilsome treadmill round no more;
To give himself away to God, and free
His soul from care. As angels live, so he
Would live thereafter—by God's grace sustained—
The world become his paradise regained.

He turned from Sinai and the monks away,
Threw off as needless his rough cloak of gray
(For angel life could ask no mortal gear),
And sought, far off, the Presence ever near.
Into the desert waste, the solitude
Which girt the mountain round, where scanty food
Or drink, or cooling shade existed, went
The eager man to rest with God, intent
To be as the white angels are, his prayer;
To walk with them—their easy service share.

So seven days went by. The brotherhood,
Surprised, amazed at John's exalted mood,
Spoke little of the wanderer ; and when
They mentioned him, those simple monkish men
Devoutly crossed themselves on breast and brow,
And said, " Our brother's with the angels now !
He rose up with a simple, daring faith
And cast himself on God, not waiting death."

But those few days sore trial brought to John,
Shelterless, friendless, in the desert lone.
From the forgetful heaven no manna fell.
No spring leaped out of rock. No visible
Appearance proved that God took kindly note
Of His pressed servant. From fat lands remote
No raven came his daily bread to bring.
In their strong arms no angels ministering
Bore up the wanderer lest his weary feet
Against the sharp, injurious stones should beat.
The sun smote him by day. By night the wind
Shriveled and pierced him with its blasts unkind.
The desert scared him with its aspect rude ;
Not that way lay the path to angelhood
And beatific joys. The monk a man
Remained—a mortal pinched, forlorn, and wan.
He could not cast himself on God. In vain
With tears he strove desired release to gain
From the sore burden that his life had been,
From toil and care and cross as well as sin.

And as the seventh day went darkly down,
And all his brother monks were housed, poor John
Came stumbling in the night, seeking the door
He left with highest hope one week before.

He knocked. The abbot heard within and cried,
"Who knocks?" "'Tis I—'tis John," a voice replied.
"Nay," said the abbot, "John no more with men
Hath part or lot. He comes not here again
From his high company. With shining throngs
Of angels now he walks—to them belongs."

The door was shut. Nor earth nor man had place,
Angels nor God, for one who had not grace
To serve the Lord with patience. Down John fell
Along the threshold weeping. The strong swell
Of his sore spirit shook him. Long he cried
For the forgiveness of the crucified,
The suffering Christ, who, patient, bore the cross
That men for Him might count all gain but loss.
And then the angels came to John; while he
Essayed no more as angels are to be,
Nor sought them, lo, they came to him; and peace,
New-found, poured through his soul its blessedness.

And in the morning, when the door stood wide,
John took his place close at the abbot's side,
And said, "Forgive me that I went astray.
Forget my foolish weakness. As I lay
Last night without, the pitying Master came;
He spoke me tenderly, called me by name,
And said to me, 'Serve me content as man.
For man, not angel, was the gospel plan,
Give me a patient, human love. Obey
My rule; for my sake bear the cross; then may
The angels see and wonder at, above,
The beauty of a soul renewed by love.'"

And thenceforth John, until the day he died,
Served in his place with patience ; mortified
The flesh, and as a true repentant man,
Gave Christ the service that no angel can.

A. L. FRISBIE.

NOSES.

A BOY'S COMPOSITION.

Written specially for this number.

EVERYBODY'S got a nose, but they aint all alike, 'cept a fish wat aint got no nose 'cause they don't smell till they git old—then they do smell orful. Birds and ducks and ostriches and chickens and turkeys has got noses, but they don't show them cause they is most all on the insides out of the way and they has to catch bugs and things so quick that they don't get time to smell 'em till they is inside their mouths. Girls and elephants and anteaters has got noses but they is all different. My girl has got the nicest nose what I ever seen and she nose it. A elephant's got a orful funny nose too what he uses for a water pot to sprinkle fellers with when they fool him and wot makes him look like he's got a tail on both ends. A anteater has got a funny nose too, but I don't believe a anteater would eat my ant 'cause she is so cross and old. Sometimes a nose is a awful bother specially when you are a-eatin' limburger cheese. When you gits old your nose and your chin gits very intermate, and when the nose gits tired it jist goes and rests on the chin, wich is very kind 'cause the chin don't git tired, specially female chins but jist chins and chins till time is old and gray. It's the fun-

niest thing that some men's noses is as red as fire; ma says that is because they look upon the wine when it is red—they is also called nosebags. Noses is used to blow with and snore with, which is very useful in churches and sleepin' cars. A dog's nose is cold but he makes it warm for burglars and cats and things. Trees and flowers blows in the spring and summer, but the nose blows all the year round.

HENRY FIRTH WOOD.

WAKIN' THE YOUNG UNS.

[The old man from the foot of the stairs—5 A. M.]

BEE-ULL! Bee-ull! O Bee-ull! my gracious,
Air you still sleepin'?
Th' hour hand's creepin'
Near ter five.

(Wal, blamed ef this 'ere aint vexatious!)
Don't ye hyar them cattle callin'?
And the old red steer a-bawlin'?
Come, look alive!
Git up! Git up!

Mar'ann! Mar'ann! (Jist hyar her snorin'!)
Mar'ann! it's behoovin'
Thet you be a-movin'!
Brisk I say!
Hyar the kitchen stove a-roarin'?
The kittle's a spilin'
Ter git hisself bilin'.
It's comin' day.
Git up! Git up!

Jule! O Jule! Now what is ailin'?

You want ter rest?

Wal, I'll be blest!

S'pose them cows

'll give down milk 'ithout you pailin'?

You mus' be goin' crazy,

Er, more like gettin' lazy.

Come, now, rouse.

Git up! Git up!

Jake, you lazy varmint! Jake! Hey, Jake!

Whut you layin' theer fur?

You know the stock's ter keer fur?

So, hop out!

(That boy is wusser'n a rock to wake!)

Don't stop to shiver,

But jist unkiver,

An' pop out!

Git up! Git up!

Young uns! Bee-ull! Jake! Mar'ann! Jule!

(Wal, consarn my skin!

They've gone ter sleep again,

Fur all my tellin'!)

See hyar, I haint no time ter fool!

It's the las' warnin'

I'll give this mornin'.

I'm done yellin'!

Git up! Git up!

SOLUS.

Wal, whut's the odds—an hour, more or less?

B'lieve it makes 'em stronger

Ter sleep er little longer

Thar in bed.

The time is comin' fas' enough, I guess,
 When I'll wish an' wish 'ith weepin',
 They was back up yender sleepin',
 Overhead,
 Ter git up.

MANCHESTER UNION.

CHRISTMAS WEEK.

Written specially for this number.

A RUSH, a roar, a gleam, a glow ;
 A great procession and a show ;
 A blare, a shout, a rush, a rout ;
 A threading in, a thridding out ;
 A snatch of song, a merry word,
 To tell a common joy has stirred
 The common heart ;
 That's Christmas week on Chestnut Street.

Rustle of silk and faint perfume,
 And brim severe and nodding plume,
 And some come late and some come soon
 To list the fair soprano's strain,
 "Glory and peace . . . Good will." Again
 The vaulted roof gives back the strain,—
 That's Christmas week off Chestnut Street.

O list! A moan, a whispered prayer ;
 Does pity'ng angel linger there?
 Or would his pinion get a stain
 Even at Christmastide beneath
 Not mistletoe and holly wreath,
 But cobwebbed roof that glowers o'er
 A wretched bed, a cold, bare floor,

A creature hollow-eyed and wan
Who shrinks from dark, who shrinks from dawn,
Who hears from far the cheerful roar
Of life's strong surge on life's strong shore?
Ah, in that warm humanity
She has no part; kind Death with free,
Befriending fingers lifts earth's dark.
That's Christmas week near Chestnut Street.

Yet, something in the atmosphere
That tells of joy undamped by fear;
A something dear that loving bides
At temple shrine or dear hearthside;
Something like echo of sweet strain
After the song is done; in vain
The street hum strives to still its tone,
The human heart claims it its own
On, off, or near, this Christmas week,
The gay turmoil of Chestnut Street.

EMMA SOPHIE STILWELL.

THROUGH THE DARK FOREST.

Extract from the speech delivered at the reception of the Emin Relief Committee in London, May 18th, 1890.

DAY after day, week after week, from dawn of morning to near eve, with a noon interval of rest, we are urged on unrestingly. Step by step we gain our miles, and penetrate deeper and deeper into that strange conservatory of nature, the inner womb of a true tropical forest. The warm vapors rise from it as from a great fermenting vat, until so dense are the exhalations

in a few days that only the flaming bolt can let in the sunlight on that impervious and endless foliage above our heads.

After a month's unbroken march we halt for rest, and for the first time attempt to question natives, who have hitherto artfully eluded our efforts to gain intelligence. We ask them if they know of any grass land lying east, north, or south of their district, and they reply in the negative in a manner that seems to imply that we must be strange creatures to suppose that it would be possible for any world to exist save this illimitable forest world.

Taking a grass-blade from the river bank—for only a few straggling blades can be found—we hold it up to view. "What, no field, no limited stretch of land with something like this growing?" "No. All like this," and they wave their hands sweepingly to illustrate that all the world was alike, nothing but "trees, trees, and trees!" Great trees, rising as high as arrows shot toward the sky, uniting their crowns, interlacing their branches, pressing and crowded one against the other until neither sunbeam nor shaft of light may penetrate it.

No sooner are these words heard by our men than their imaginations conceive the forest under the most oppressive and forbidding aspect.

The horror grows darker with their fancies, the cold of early morning, the comfortless gray of the dawn, the dead-white mist, the ever-dripping tears of the dew, the deluging rains, the appalling thunder-bursts and the rolling echoes, and the wonderful play of the dazzling lightning.

And when the night comes with its thick, palpable darkness, and they lie cuddled in their little damp huts,

and they hear the tempest overhead, the howling of the wild winds, the grinding and groaning of storm-tossed trees, the dread sounds of others falling, and the shock of the trembling earth which sends their hearts with fitful leaps to their throats, and a roaring and rushing as of a mad, overwhelming sea—oh! then the horror is intensified.

Then they disappear into the woods by twos and threes and sixes, and, after the caravan has passed, return by the trail, some to reach Yambuya and disturb the young officers by their tales of woe and war, some to fall sobbing under a spear-thrust, some to wander and stray in the dark mazes of the woods, hopelessly lost, and some to be carved for the cannibal feast. And those who remain, compelled to it by fears of greater dangers, mechanically march on, a prey to dread and weakness, the scratch of a thorn, the puncture of a pointed cane, the bite of an ant, or the sting of a wasp. The smallest thing serves to start an ulcer, which presently becomes virulent and eats its way to the bone, and the man dies.

These sores rage like an epidemic, and dozens are sufferers. Then the recklessness with which the men eat up their stores of provisions! What might have lasted ten days is eaten up in two or three, and they starve the rest of the time, for the spaces between the banana plantations may be only a day's march, but they may be twenty days. But it requires a calamity to teach blacks as well as whites how to live.

When we were well-nigh exhausted with our troubles we reached Ibwire, the site of Fort Bodo. Here we rested for thirteen days to recuperate and repair the waste of the wilderness.

At this place the natives could tell us they had seen a grass land five days' journey further east, and this revives the men; but it was twelve days before we came to the end of the forest, and on the 160th day after leaving Yambuya, we filed out of the gloom into the light of broad day, shining over one of the loveliest lands we had seen. We raced gleefully like little wanton children in spring over the soft young grass, we stared at the great burning sun, we gazed in wondrous delight at the careering waves of green grass as the wholesome wind swept over it. We went into raptures over the billowy contours of the land, and the thin, winding lines of bosage between them, and our surprise was equal to that of the herds of game whose domains we had invaded, and who snorted their alarm.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

ON THE BLUFF.

OH, grandly flowing river!
Oh, silver gliding river!
Thy springing willows shiver
In the sunset as of old;
They shiver in the silence
Of the willow-whitened islands,
While the sun-bars and the sand-bars
Fill air and wave with gold.

Oh, gay, oblivious river!
Oh, sunset-kindled river!
Do you remember ever
The eyes and skies so blue

On a summer day that shone here—
 When we were all alone here,
 And the blue eyes were too wise
 To speak the love they knew?

Oh, stern, impassive river!
 Oh, still, unanswering river!
 The shivering willows quiver
 As the night winds moan and rave.
 From the past a voice is calling,
 From heaven a star is falling,
 And dew swells in the bluebells
 Above her hill-side grave.

JOHN HAY.

“SPÄCIALLY JIM.”

(Permission of the “Century Magazine.”)

I WUS mighty good-lookin’ when I was young,
 Peert an’ black-eyed an’ slim,
 With fellers a-courtin’ me Sunday nights,
 ’Späcially Jim.

The likeliest one of ’em all was he,
 Chipper an’ han’som’ an’ trim,
 But I tossed up my head an’ made fun o’ the crowd,
 ’Späcially Jim!

I said I hadn’t no ’pinion o’ men,
 An’ I wouldn’t take stock in him!
 But they kep’ up a-comin’ in spite o’ my talk,
 ’Späcially Jim!

I got so tired o’ havin’ ’em roun’
 (’Späcially Jim!) ●

I made up my mind I'd settle down
An' take up with him.

So we was married one Sunday in church,
'Twas crowded full to the brim ;
'Twas the only way to get rid of 'em all,
'Spacially Jim.

TIMOTHY HORN.

THE most marvelous mortal that ever was born
You would say, had you known him, was Timothy
Horn.

Tall, bony, and broad—an angular giant,
And awkward as well ; yet his limbs were so pliant
They seemed, when he used them, like rainbows in
trouble,

Whose motions no word could describe except “wabble,”
And yet, strange to say, in the country, where Tim
Felt confident no one was looking at him,
His step was as firm, and his carriage as free
And stately as ever Apollo's could be.

It was only a habit, through modesty born,
Of trying to walk without drawing attention,
Which gave to the movements of Timothy Horn
The boneless, loose, limber appearance I mention.

Always first at a fire, and first through the flame,
To rescue the inmates, half-roasted and choking,
He returned with his arms full of people, but came
With his hair and his eyebrows white-crinkled and
smoking ;

And then, if they thanked him, so strange was his habit,
He'd take the first by-way and run like a rabbit.

One night, as he sat by his mother and read
"Miles Standish's Courtship," she stopped him and
said,

Very gently: "Dear Tim, you are now twenty-eight,
Don't you think it is time you were taking a mate?"

"O mother! who'd have such a great awkward fel—"

But the word was cut short by the clang of a bell,

And away to the fire sped Timothy Horn.

'Twas the six-storied house of Professor Van Dorn.

He had built it, expressly, uncommonly high,

The better to study the air and the sky,

With a vision unvexed by the smoke from the town.

The Professor himself had gone up to an air-way,

To shut off the draught, and he couldn't get down,

For the demon of flame was cremating the stairway;

But, forgetting himself in his love for the sciences,

Van Dorn brought some strange scientific appliances

To the sixth-story window, set down his barometer,

And, holding aloft a new patent thermometer,

Grew absorbed in a theme he would call therapeutical—

The effect of the heat on a wart on his cuticle.

They shouted to warn him; but, horror appalling,

The roof was ablaze and the rafters were falling.

Alas! he was far above human assistance,

For their ladder would reach only half of the distance.

And a son of old Ireland muttered, "Begorry!

If he only had builded his bashtely sixth story

Jihst under the third, we could rishcue him nately;

But now he'll be cooked and disfigured complately!"

A thousand pale faces looked up at Van Dorn,

When in through the circle sprang Timothy Horn,

Caught a shawl from the form of the scientist's daughter,

And, plunging it deep in a bucket of water,

Enveloped his head before any one spoke,
Sprang up the red stairs, and was lost in the smoke.
Brave men held their breath, but they saw in a minute
The shawl at the window, the Professor rolled in it ;

Then it vanished, and then—the roof fell ! The floors
under

Were torn from their places and hurled to the ground,
With such a concussion the air all around

Was a chaos of ashes and cinders and thunder.

“ They are lost ! ” “ They are saved ! ” As if blown by
the fall,

Tim shot from the house like a blazing red comet, or,
Anything sudden, and shook from the shawl

The Professor, still holding his precious thermometer,
Who smiled on his daughter, and tenderly said,
As he dusted the ashes of hair from his head :

“ Weep not for our lost scientific appliances !

The biggest of blazes can't burn up the sciences ! ”

But Tim, what of him ? When he heard the wild
shout

Of the people he tried to, but could not, get out ;
For their praise ran so high, and still higher and higher,
He wished, in his heart, he was back in the fire.

There wasn't much left of his facial expression—

You wouldn't have guessed him to be a Caucasian,

His hair had the friz of the African fashion.

Now it happened Miss Stella Corona Van Dorn

Had always admired brave Timothy Horn ;

But now, on account of her terrible fright,

Or, more likely, because of the pitiful sight

Of a barbecued father and fricasseed Tim,

She felt a resistless attraction toward him,

And, her quicksilver heart mounting high above zero,

She, throwing her arms round the neck of the hero,
Aimed a kiss at his lips, but it landed instead
On his swiftly-averted, decarbonized head.

Then her lovers — Jim, Joseph, Sam, Thomas, and
Harry—

Broke forth into laughter, uncommonly merry;
But, alas! for their laughter, for Timothy Horn
Threw an arm around Stella Corona Van Dorn,
And, swiftly advancing, as proud as a lion,
Hurled his fist at each smile that he fixed his fierce eye
on,

Till the faces of Harry, Jim, Joseph, and Sam
Looked like they'd been kissed by a battering-ram.
Then he doubled his fist for the battle anew.

"O Tim!" cried Corona. "Oh! what shall I do?
I'm afraid you will kill them, and then they'll hang
you!

And I'll be a wid—oh!" "Whose widow?" gasped Tim.
"Why, yours, you dear stupid?" she whispered to him.
Then he tightened his clasp around Stella Van Dorn,
And that was the courtship of Timothy Horn.

W. W. FINK.

"COME AND BE SHONE."

THE Detroit brigade of boot-blacks was increased by
one yesterday. A passenger train from the East
carried one more passenger than the conductor knew of,
because the said passenger was concealed on the trucks
and looked more like a hunk of mud than a live boy
fourteen years old. He came across the river with the
others, and after a brief look around the depot he walked
up to a hackman and said:

"Old boy, I'm right from Jersey City, with nothing to eat for two hull days and not a red in my pocket. I'm game, I am. Lend me a quarter and I'll make it a dollar before noon."

"I don't know you," replied the hackman.

"Nor I you, but that's all right. A man who won't lend a live boy a quarter to get a start in life is no man at all. Come, what d'ye say?"

He got the money, and, walking up to a boot-black who stood shivering in the cool air, he said :

"Boy, you'll never make a shiner in the world. Your forte is landscape painting or counting bank-notes. I'll gin ye a quarter for yer kit, and if ye ever want money for a pint of peanuts call on me."

It was a trade. There was a new box of blacking and a pretty fair brush, and the new boy no sooner had the box under his arm that he cried out in a wonderfully shrill voice :

"Come and see me! Come and be shone by a chap who kin make yer butes look nicer in two minits than a slouch could in four days. Hold out yer feet an' gin me a chance to lay the corner-stone of a fortune—and don't you forget it!"

He secured five "blacks" as fast as he could work, and in twenty minutes he had paid back the quarter. In half an hour he was fifteen cents ahead, and then he rubbed his aching arms and said :

"I've got to drop sunthin' down for my stomach to lay hold on, and then I'll come out and make the fur fly. It'll take me two hours yet to get limbered up and feel like a buzz-saw run by chain lightning, but when I do git to work in earnest I shall use up a brush every nine minits all day long."

After he had procured a cheap breakfast at a restaurant he found himself confronted by four or five boot-blacks, who looked as if they had planned to give him the bounce.

"Morning, gents," said the new boy as he looked from one to the other. "No use giving me any copperas, my beauties, for I've struck this town to stay. I'm right on the black. I'd rather black butes, but I kin black eyes if I'm forced to. I'm a Keeley motor—only more so. I strike, kick, bite, and pull hair all at one motion, and it takes three policemen to pull me away from the mangled remains of my victims."

The boys consulted together and concluded not to tackle him, and in five minutes more they were giving him their friendship. He led them back to the depot, stood them in line, and said:

"Now, slouches, you stick by me and I'll stick by you. This town hain't never bin half worked, and I know it. Down East we all thought you used dish-water and stove-blackening instead of shoe-polish. Repress your emotion a few minutes and see me tear myself all to flinders."

The new boy moved around like a top, worked like a pony engine, talked like a candidate, and made twenty cents in about ten minutes. Putting the "chink" down into his old vest pocket, he swung his box over his shoulder, and remarked:

"Sixty cents afore ten o'clock of the first day is good 'nuff. Now I want to go up-town, see the streets, study architecture, steal me a dog, and this afternoon I'll feel as if I was born here and had been in jail half a dozen times. Ta-ta, children; don't spend your money for taffy while I'm gone!"

DETROIT FREE PRESS.

THE GRAND OLD DAY.

(By permission of the "Ladies' Home Journal.")

IT is coming—it is coming—be the weather dark or
fair—

See the joy upon the faces—feel the blessings in the air!
Get the dining-chamber ready—let the kitchen stove be
filled—

Into gold-dust pound the pumpkins—have the fatted
turkeys killed;

Tie the chickens in a bundle by their downy yellow
legs—

Hunt the barn, with hay upholstered, for the ivory-
prisoned eggs;

'Tis the next of a procession through the centuries on
its way;

Get a thorough welcome ready for the Grand Old Day!

And we first will go to meeting; where the parson we
shall hear

Pack in gilded words the blessings that have gathered
through the year;

And the choir will yield an anthem, full of unencum-
bered might,

That their stomachs would not hear of, if they waited
until night;

Olden people will sit musing of Thanksgiving mornings
fled—

Younger people will sit hoping for Thanksgiving days
ahead.

But they'll join in silent chorus when the preacher comes
to pray;

For we all must be religious, on the Grand Old Day!

Then I hear the kindly racket, and the traffic of old
news,

Of a meeting after meeting, 'mid the porches and the
pews ;

They will tell each other blessings that are fondled o'er
and prized—

They will tell each other blessings by affliction well dis-
guised.

For the health that is a fortune, and the harvest full of
gold,

Side by side with destitution and rheumatics shall be
told ;

And we'll hope that many foemen to each other's side
may stray,

For the world should all be friendly, on the Grand Old
Day!

Come to dinner!—we are coming, we are coming, fat
and spare!

Smell the sweet and savory music of the odors in the air!

Hear the dishes pet each other with a soft and gentle
clash!

Feel the snow of loaflets broken—see the table-sabres
flash!

Let our palates climb the gamut of delight-producing
taste—

Our interiors feel the pressure of provisions snugly
placed ;

Full of thanks and full of praises, full of conversation
gay—

Full of everything congenial, on the Grand Old Day!

Ah! the poor and sick and sorrowing! To our glad
hearts be it known,

That God never gave a blessing to be clenched and held
alone;
Here are brothers, here are sisters, all entitled to their
share;
We shall always have them with us—He hath put them
in our care!
You who clutch at every mercy, and devote it to your-
selves,
You are setting heavy treasures on the weakest kind of
shelves.
You who take the wares of heaven and divide them
while you may
Will behold their value doubled on some Grand Old
Day!

They are coming! They are coming! Let the breezes
lisp the tale,
Let the mountains look and see them on the century's
upward trail!
Let the valleys smile their blandest, and the lakes their
parents greet,
As their rivers seek the oceans with their silver-slippered
feet!
Let all pleasures be more pleasant—let all griefs with
help be nerved,
Let all blessings praise their sources, with the thanks
that are deserved!
Every spirit should look heavenward—every heart
should tribute pay,
To the Soul of souls that treats us to the Grand Old
Day!

WILL CARLETON.

THE SPIRITS OF FIRE.

A FAIRY STORY.

(From "A Bachelor's Wedding Trip." By permission of the Author.)

LONG, long ago—millions of years ago—no one lived on the earth but the Spirits of Fire. They rode on the long tongues of flame that shot far up into the sky, and danced on the fiery waves of melted rock, and laughed when the white-hot spray dashed over them.

There were two kinds of Spirits of Fire—the Red and the White. The Red Spirits were ruled by their King, and the White Spirits by their Queen: and the King of the Red Spirits fell in love with the Queen of the White Spirits, and she with him, and they were married. Then what rejoicing there was—for before that time the Red and White Spirits had not always been very friendly. For the White Spirits had insisted on keeping the very hottest places for themselves—for wherever it was hottest, there the Spirits of Fire loved best to be—and had driven the Red Spirits out where it was colder; so that there had been a great deal of quarrelling between the two. But now that the King and Queen were married, every one hoped that the old differences would be settled, and all live together in harmony. And so they did for many years.

In process of time two sons were born to them, and each of the boys was red on one side and white on the other, except that both of the arms of one were red, and both of the arms of the other white. So they were called Red Arms and White Arms; and the Red Spirits claimed that Red Arms belonged more to them, and the White Spirits that White Arms belonged more to them;

but the King and the Queen said that they both belonged to the whole nation.

When they were pretty well grown up—that is, when they were about twenty thousand years old—there came one day a messenger from the Sun, riding on a shaft of light, who said that the good King and Queen must come home. For that was the way the Spirits of Fire died, or rather left the earth; the Sun, the great parent of the Earth and King Supreme of all the Spirits of Fire on it, sent his messengers for them when he wanted them, and they never came back again, but lived happily in his great Kingdom of White Light forever.

So the King and Queen called all their subjects together, and bade them good-bye, and placed their crowns on the heads of their two sons, and appointed them joint rulers over the whole nation. Then they joyfully sat on the shaft of light with the Sun's messenger; and in an instant they were gone, and were seen no more.

For awhile all went well. Red Arms and White Arms ruled lovingly together, and the nation was happy. But after a time both Red Arms and White Arms fell in love with a beautiful Red Spirit, whose hair was like a waving, red flame, and whose whole person glowed like a live coal, and whose lovely, smiling face shone with the softest golden light imaginable. Each tried to win her heart and her hand, but she could not make up her mind. The matter became the talk of the entire nation, the Red Spirits saying that she ought to marry Red Arms, while the White Spirits said that White Arms ought to have her, and so the nation was divided. Every day she was urged by one side or the other to make her choice; until at last she discovered that

she really loved Red Arms the best, and the very next time he came to urge her to marry him she said yes, and then Red Arms was happy indeed. But White Arms was in despair, and he vowed he would be revenged.

The wedding was a grand affair. All the Red Spirits came; and the oldest Red Spirit stood on a great billow of fire, and blessed the pair as they knelt before him, and pronounced them husband and wife. Then there was dancing on the sea of fire, and wild races on the flying tongues of flame, and every one was happy. But the White Spirits stayed away.

Red Arms and his wife chose for their home a great island in the sea of fire, and there they established their court, and the Red Spirits came and lived near them. But White Arms held his court in a white-hot valley on the other side of the earth, and there the White Spirits came. And day by day he brooded over his disappointment, until he was beside himself with rage. Then he determined that he would take the revenge he had sworn to have; and the White Spirits said they would help him. So they dug a hole clear through the earth to underneath Red Arms' island, and put in the bottom of it a great quantity of the most explosive gas known, and filled up the hole on their side. Soon the heat of the earth made the gas expand, and it expanded more and more. Till at last, one day, when Red Arms had given a grand ball on his island, to which all the Red Spirits were invited, the gas blew up, and blew the island, with Red Arms and his wife and all the Red Spirits on it, away up into the air, and it never stopped until it was two hundred and fifty thousand miles away from the earth; and there it became a little world all by itself, and commenced to revolve around the earth.

Now, as you know, Space is intensely cold. And as time went on, this little world of the Red Spirits—which we will call, for the present, the Red World—began to shrink, and grow more and more solid, and smaller and smaller, in the cold. And as the Sun saw that his Spirits of Fire were unhappy in the increasing cold, he sent his messengers for them, one after the other, as he had done for the King and Queen, and brought them home to him. But Red Arms and his wife would not go, but preferred to remain alone upon their little world.

More and more their Red World shrank in the cold of Space, until there was not even room for them to stand, for the Spirits of Fire were very large. So their bodies shrank into their Red World, and became a part of it, until there was nothing left of them but their heads, side by side, which became so cold that they couldn't shrink any more. But still Red Arms and his wife were together. Then he turned his face away from the earth, for he couldn't bear to look upon it, but she kept hers toward it to see what was going on—and there they are to this day. And we call them the Moon, and the face we see in the moon is the face of Red Arms' wife looking down upon us, glowing with that soft, golden light that makes the heart of every lover upon the earth happy—for she loves Red Arms.

CHARLES POMEROY SHERMAN.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

(By permission of the Publisher, F. T. Neely.)

O THE Man in the Moon has a crick in his back ;
Whee !

Whimm !

Ain't you sorry for him ?

And a mole on his nose that is purple and black ;
And his eyes are so weak that they water and run
If he dares to dream even he looks at the sun,—
So he just dreams of stars as the doctors advise—

My !

Eyes !

But isn't he wise—

To just dream of stars, as the doctors advise ?

And The Man in the Moon has a boil on his ear—

Whee !

Whing !

What a singular thing !

I know ; but these facts are authentic, my dear,
There's a boil on his ear, and a corn on his chin—
He calls it a dimple,—but dimples stick in—
Yet it might be a dimple turned over, you know ;

Whang !

Ho !

Why, certainly so !—

It might be a dimple turned over, you know !

And The Man in the Moon has a rheumatic knee—

Gee !

Whizz !

What a pity that is !

And his toes have worked round where his heels ought
to be.

So whenever he wants to go North he goes South,
And comes back with porridge-crumbs all round his
mouth,

And he brushes them off with a Japanese fan,

Whing!

Whann!

What a marvelous man!

What a very remarkably marvelous man!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

SOMETHING GREAT.

THE trial was ended—the vigil past;
All clad in his arms was the knight at last,
The goodliest knight in the whole wide land,
With face that shone with a purpose grand.
The king looked on him with gracious eyes,
And said: “He is meet for some high emprise.”
To himself he thought: “I will conquer fate.
I will surely die or do something great.”

So from the palace he rode away;
There was trouble and need in the town that day;
A child had strayed from his mother's side
Into the woodland dark and wide.
“Help!” cried the mother with sorrow wild.
“Help me, Sir Knight, to seek my child!
The hungry wolves in the forest roam;
Help me to bring my lost one home!”

He shook her hand from his bridle rein:
"Alas! poor mother, you ask in vain.
Some meaner succor will do, maybe,
Some squire or varlet of low degree.
There are mighty wrongs in the world to right;
I keep my sword for a noble fight.
I am sad at heart for your baby's fate,
But I ride in haste to do something great."

One wintry night when the sun was set,
A blind old man by the way he met:
"Now, good Sir Knight, for Our Lady's sake,
On the sightless wanderer pity take!
The wind blows cold, and the sun is down;
Lead me, I pray, till I reach the town."
"Nay," said the knight; "I cannot wait;
I ride in haste to do something great."

So on he rode in his armor bright,
His sword all keen for the longed-for fight.
"Laugh with us—laugh!" cried the merry crowd.
"Oh! weep!" wailed others with sorrow bowed.
"Help us!" the weak and weary prayed,
But for joy, nor grief, nor need he stayed.
And the years rolled on, and his eyes grew dim,
And he died—and none made moan for him.

He missed the good that he might have done,
He missed the blessings he might have won.
Seeking some glorious task to find,
His eyes to all humbler work were blind.

He that is faithful in that which is least
Is bidden to sit at the heavenly feast.
Yet men and women lament their fate,
If they be not called to do something great.

FLORENCE TYLER.

OPPORTUNITIES OF THE SCHOLAR.

(From "Henry W. Grady, His Life, Writings, and Speeches." Permission of Cassell Publishing Co.)

WE are standing in the daybreak of the second century of this Republic. The fixed stars are fading from the sky, and we grope in uncertain light. Strange shapes have come with the night. Established ways are lost—new roads perplex, and widening fields stretch beyond the sight. The unrest of dawn impels us to and fro—but Doubt stalks amid the confusion, and even on the beaten paths the shifting crowds are halted, and from the shadows the sentries cry: "Who comes there?" In the obscurity of the morning tremendous forces are at work. Nothing is steadfast or approved. The miracles of the present belie the simple truths of the past. The Church is besieged from without and betrayed from within. Behind the courts smolders the rioter's torch and looms the gibbet of the anarchists. Government is the contention of partisans and the prey of spoilsmen. Trade is restless in the grasp of monopoly, and commerce shackled with limitation. The cities are swollen and the fields are stripped. Splendor streams from the castle, and squalor crouches in the home. The universal brotherhood is dissolving, and the people are huddling into classes. The hiss of the Nihilist disturbs

the covert, and the roar of the mob murmurs along the highway. Amid it all beats the great American heart undismayed, and standing fast by the challenge of his conscience, the citizen of the Republic, tranquil and resolute, notes the drifting of the spectral currents, and calmly awaits the full disclosures of the day.

Who shall be the heralds of this coming day? Who shall thread the way of honor and safety through these besetting problems? Who shall rally the people to the defense of their liberties, and stir them until they shall cry aloud to be led against the enemies of the Republic? You, my countrymen, you! The university is the training camp of the future. The scholar the champion of the coming years. Napoleon overran Europe with drum-tap and bivouac—the next Napoleon shall form his battalions at the tap of the school-house bell, and his captains shall come with cap and gown. Waterloo was won at Oxford—Sedan at Berlin. So Germany plants her colleges in the shadow of the French forts, and the professor smiles amid his students as he notes the sentinel stalking against the sky. The farmer has learned that brains mix better with his soil than the waste of sea-birds, and the professor walks by his side as he spreads the showers in the verdure of his field, and locks the sunshine in the glory of his harvest. A button is pressed by a child's finger and the work of a million men is done. The hand is nothing—the brain everything. Physical prowess has had its day, and the age of reason has come. The lion-hearted Richard challenging Saladin to single combat is absurd, for even Gog and Magog shall wage the Armageddon from their closets and look not upon the blood that runs to the bridle-bit. Science is everything! She butchers a hog

in Chicago, draws Boston within three hours of New York, renews the famished soil, routs her viewless bondsmen from the electric centre of the earth, and then turns to watch the new Icarus, as mounting in his flight to the sun, he darkens the burnished ceiling of the sky with the shadow of his wing.

Learning is supreme, and you are its prophets. Here the Olympic games of the Republic—and you its chosen athletes. It is yours, then, to grapple with these problems, to confront and master these dangers. Yours to decide whether the tremendous forces of this Republic shall be kept in balance, or, whether unbalanced they shall bring chaos; whether 60,000,000 men are capable of self-government, or whether liberty shall be lost to them who would give their lives to maintain it. Your responsibility is appalling. You stand in the pass behind which the world's liberties are guarded. This government carries the hopes of the human race. Blot out the beacon that lights the portals of this Republic and the world is adrift again. But save the Republic; establish the light of its beacon over the troubled waters, and one by one the nations of the earth shall drop anchor and be at rest in the harbor of universal liberty.

A NEW SERIES OF CENSUS QUESTIONS.

UNCLE SAM has omitted from his census questions a great many queries on which information would be interesting, if not valuable.

Here are a few which might be added to the list:

Do you part your hair in the middle?

Do you favor the League or the Brotherhood?

How much did your false teeth cost ?
Did you pay cash for them, or buy them on the installment plan ?
Are you addicted to the piano habit ?
Do you favor a revision of the creed ?
Are you a lawyer or only an attorney ?
Are you a journalist or merely a newspaper man ?
Did you ever write poetry ?
Who do you think wrote " Beautiful Snow " ?
Were you ever kicked by a mule ?
Do you buy your chewing tobacco or beg it ?
Have you read " Robert Elsmere " ?
When can you pay that little bill ?
Can you swim ?
Are you any relation to Daniel McGinty ?
Have you fifteen dollars in your inside pocket ?
What do you do for corns ?
What size collar do you wear ?
Where did you get that hat ?
Do you speak as you pass pie ?
Do you smoke cigarettes ?
Do you think the Keely motor will ever mote ?
Do you wear a hyphen in your name ?
If single why are you not married ?
How many times have you been refused ?
Were you ever guilty of running for the Legislature ?
Would you rather be hanged for it, or electrocuted ?
Do you take water in yours ?
Are you on the speak-easy list ?
Were you ever bald-headed ?
If so, were you born that way, or did you acquire the habit ?

Are you a Prohibitionist ?

If so, what will you take ?

At what age did your first child cut his (or her) first tooth ?

Are you a useful member of society, or merely ornamental ?

Did you ever borrow an umbrella ?

Did you return it ? (N. B.—This is an unnecessary question, but let it go.)

Are your feet mates ?

Do you know beans ?

AFTER THE WEDDING.

ALL alone in my room at last—

I wonder how far they have traveled now ;
They'll be very far when the night is past—

And so would I, if I knew but how.

How lovely she looked in her wreath and dress,

She is queenlier far than the village girls ;

There were roses, too, in her wreath, I guess

'Twas they made the crimson among her curls.

She is good as beautiful, too, they say,

Her heart is gentle as any dove's ;

She'll be all that she can to him always—

(Dear, I am tearing my new white gloves !)

How calm she is with her saint-like face,

Her eyes are violet—mine are blue—

(How careless I am with my mother's lace !)

Her hands are white, and softer, too.

They've gone to the city beyond the hill,

They must never come back to this place again ;

I'm almost afraid to be here so still—

I wish it would thunder and lighten and rain.

Oh! no! for some may not be abed;

Some few, perhaps, may be out to-night;

I hope that the moon may come out instead,

And heaven be starry and earth be light.

It's only a summer since she's been here,

It's been my home for seventeen years;

But her name is a testament, far and near,

And the poor have embalmed it in priceless tears.

I remember the day when another came—

(There, at last I've tied my hair!)

Her curls and mine are nearly the same,

But hers are longer and mine less fair.

They're going across the sea, I know;

Across the ocean—will that be far?

(Did I have my comb a moment ago?

I seem to forget where my things all are.)

When ships are wrecked do people drown?

Is there never a boat to save the crew?

Poor ships! If ever my ship goes down

I'll want a grave in the ocean, too.

Good-night, good-night! It is striking one.

Good-night to bride and good-night to groom!

The light of my candle is almost done—

(How I wish that my bed were in mother's room.)

How calm it looks in the midnight shade!

Those curtains were hung there clean to day;

They're almost too white for me, I'm afraid—

Perhaps I may be soon as white as they.

Dark—all dark—for the light is dead;

Father in Heaven, may I have rest!

One hour of sleep for my aching head—

For this aching heart in my poor, poor breast.

For his sweet sake do I kneel and pray :

O God ! protect him from every ill,

And make her worthier every day—

The older, the purer, the lovelier still.

(There, I knew I was going to cry !)

I have kept the tears in my soul too long.

Oh ! let me say it, or I shall die !

As Heaven is witness I mean no wrong.

He never shall hear from this secret room

He never shall know in the after years

How seventeen summers of happy bloom

Fell dead one night in a moment of tears.

I love him more than she understands,

For him I loaded my soul with truth ;

For him I am kneeling with outstretched hands

To lay at his feet my shattered youth.

I love, I adore him just the same,

More than father, or mother, or life ;

My hope of hopes to bear his name,

My heaven of heavens to be his wife.

His wife ! Oh ! name that the angels breathe,

Let it not crimson my cheek with shame !

It is her name, her word to wreathe

In the princely heart from whose blood it came.

Oh ! hush ! Again I behold them stand,

As they stood to-night, by the chancel wall ;

I see him take her white-gloved hand,

I hear his voice in a whisper fall.

I see the minister's silver hair,

I see them kneel at the altar-stone ;

I see them rise when the prayer is o'er—
He has taken their hands and made them one.
The fathers and mothers are standing near,
The friends are pressing to kiss the bride—
One of those kisses had birthplace here,
The dew of her lips is not yet dried.
His lips have touched hers before to-night—
Then I have a grain of his to keep;
This midnight darkness is flecked with light,
Some angel is singing my soul to sleep.
He knows full well why many a knave
So close to his lady's lips should swim;
God only knows that the kiss I gave
Was set in her mouth to give to him.

WILLIAM L. KEESE.

THE HOME IN THE GOVERNMENT.

[From "Henry W. Grady, His Life, Writings, and Speeches." Permission of Cassell Publishing Co.]

A FEW Sundays ago I stood on a hill in Washington. My heart thrilled as I looked on the towering marble of my country's Capitol, and a mist gathered in my eyes as, standing there, I thought of its tremendous significance and the powers there assembled, and the responsibilities there centered—its president, its congress, its courts, its gathered treasure, its army, its navy, and its 60,000,000 of citizens. It seemed to me the best and mightiest sight that the sun could find in its wheeling course—this majestic home of a Republic that has taught the world its best lessons of liberty—and I felt

that if wisdom and justice and honor abided therein, the world would stand indebted to this temple on which my eyes rested, and in which the ark of my covenant was lodged for its final uplifting and regeneration.

A few days later I visited a country home. A modest, quiet house sheltered by great trees and set in a circle of field and meadow, gracious with the promise of harvest—barns and cribs well filled and the old smoke-house odorous with treasure—the fragrance of pink and hollyhock mingling with the aroma of garden and orchard, and resonant with the hum of bees and poultry's busy clucking—inside the house, thrift, comfort, and that cleanliness that is next to godliness—the restful beds, the open fireplace, the books and papers, and the old clock that had held its steadfast pace amid the frolic of weddings, that had welcomed in steady measure the new-born babes of the family, and kept company with the watchers of the sick bed, and had ticked the solemn requiem of the dead; and the well-worn Bible that, thumbed by fingers long since stilled, and blurred with tears of eyes long since closed, held the simple annals of the family, and the heart and conscience of the home. Outside stood the master, strong and wholesome and upright; wearing no man's collar; with no mortgage on his roof, and no lien on his ripening harvest; pitching his crops in his own wisdom, and selling them in his own time in his chosen market; master of his lands and master of himself. Near by stood his aged father, happy in the heart and home of his son. And as they started to the house the old man's hand rested on the young man's shoulder, touching it with the knighthood of the fourth commandment, and laying there the unspeakable blessing of an honored and grateful father. As they

drew near the door the old mother appeared ; the sunset falling on her face, softening its wrinkles and its tenderness, lighting up her patient eyes, and the rich music of her heart trembling on her lips, as in simple phrase she welcomed her husband and son to their home. Beyond was the good wife, true of touch and tender, happy amid her household cares, clean of heart and conscience, the helpmate and the buckler of her husband. And the children, strong and sturdy, trooping down the lane with the lowing herd, or weary of simple sport, seeking, as truant birds do, the quiet of the old home nest. And I saw the night descend on that home, falling gently as from the wings of the unseen dove. And the stars swarmed in the bending skies—the trees thrilled with the cricket's cry—the restless bird called from the neighboring wood—and the father, a simple man of God, gathering the family about him, read from the Bible the old, old story of love and faith, and then went down in prayer, the baby hidden amid the folds of its mother's dress, and closed the record of that simple day by calling down the benediction of God on the family and the home.

And as I gazed the memory of the great Capitol faded from my brain. Forgotten its treasure and its splendor. And I said, "Surely here—here in the homes of the people is lodged the ark of the covenant of my country. Here is its majesty and its strength. Here the beginning of its power and the end of its responsibility." The homes of the people ; let us keep them pure and independent, and all will be well with the Republic. Here is the lesson our foes may learn—here is work the humblest and weakest hands may do. Let us in simple thrift and economy make our homes independent. Let

us in frugal industry make them self-sustaining. In sacrifice and denial let us keep them free from debt and obligation. Let us make them homes of refinement in which we shall teach our daughters that modesty and patience and gentleness are the charms of woman. Let us make them temples of liberty, and teach our sons that an honest conscience is every man's first political law. That his sovereignty rests beneath his hat, and that no splendor can rob him and no force justify the surrender of the simplest right of a free and independent citizen. And above all, let us honor God in our homes—anchor them close in His love. Build His altars above our hearthstones, uphold them in the set and simple faith of our fathers and crown them with the Bible—that book of books in which all the ways of life are made straight and the mystery of death is made plain. The home is the source of our national life. Back of the national Capitol and above it stands the home. Back of the President and above him stands the citizen. What the home is, this and nothing else will the Capitol be. What the citizen wills, this and nothing else will the President be.

A BAD BOY'S DIARY.

YOU never saw such a fuss in your life as thare has bin in our house the last few days. P'raps I can ride a horse in a circus ring, but I've abandoned the attempt to be a magishun. It looks esy when he's a doing of it, but when you come to try it yourself you're disappointed. The night after pa took me to Herman's sho I thought I'd have a sho myself.

Lotty Sears an' 2 uther girls wus in to spend the evenin' with my sisters. I went in cook's pantry, and took a duzzen eggs. There wus a young man come with Lotty Sears, a more reg'lar swell you never see. I got the eggs an' then I wanted a hat like Herman used, so I took his'n off the hat-rack in the hall—it wus a shiny beaver hat, the latest thing in hats. I smashed the eggs up in the back parlor an' fixed my things so I could pla' I wus a wizzurd an' then I sez:

“Folks, won't you come to my exbishun? I'm a presty-digtater!”

They all laffed, an' come in. I took up the hat and shook it, an' said :

“Ladies an' gentlemen, this is the egg trick.”

They looked in an' seen the eggs all in a jelly. The young man he didn't think at first, so he smiled like anything.

“Now you see it,” sez I.

“Yes,” sez they.

“Now you don't,” sez I.

Then I shook 'em an' did what the wizzurd did, but the plagy eggs wouldn't come together agane. I had to give it up. The swell he laffed fit to kill, but wen I said I wus sorry his hat wus in such a sticky mess, whot would he wear home? he got serus very quick, his face got about three feet long, he looked as if he'd like to eat me. Bess clered me out the room. Sue said she'd tell my father, an' so it goes—a innocent little boy can't do the leste thing 'thout he's scolded an' banged round. Offen an' offen I have wisht I was a injy-rubber boy.

The next day I thought I'd have a sho out to the stable. I put my prices down to 1 cent; all the boys come in. I had mamma's gold watch—I got it out of

her buro drawer wen she was eting dinner—an' cook's mortar an' pestle, that she pounds almonds an' crowkets in. I sed:

"Will enny lady lend me her gold watch?" (like I heard Herman ask) an' Johnny, as he agreed 'cause I let him come in for nothin', he said:

"I'll lend you mine," and he gives me over mamma's watch, wot I'd put in his pocket for that purpose, so I pounded it all up.

It was awful hard to smash—only the cristel, that broke esy. I had to take a stone at last. I said:

"You see the watch is all banged up."

They hollered "Yes."

I took it and held it behind my back a minit, an' then I let 'em see the watch agane. I was in a fright when I saw it was just the same, an' wouldn't go back nice like it was.

The boys were scart, too, so we hid it in the manger, so the folks would think that Prince—that's our horse—had got it out the buro drawer and chewed it up.

"You ain't swollered the sord," yelled little Bill Brown. I said I hadn't got a sord to swoller.

"Won't a jack-knife do as well?" ast Bob Smith.

I said I'd try. Then he opened his big jack-knife an' lent it to me.

I tried to swoller it, but I choked perfectly dredful—the blood came out my mouth—so Bill he hollered:

"Give it up. You ain't no presty-digtater worth a fig."

All the boys said I'd given 'em away, I must pay back their cents. So I did, an' my tung hurt awful—swelled up like ennything. I was as mad as a hornet 'cause they talked so, so I went into the house.

I didn't feel very good the rest of the afternoon. I felt kind of sorry, too, about mamma's watch.

When we wus at tea, an' I dipping my cake in my tea, 'cause my tung was sore, in comes Sam rite in dining-room—he's our man—with cook and Betty, he a-holdin' up the watch. Ev'ry one the folks looked at it, then looked at me. Wot made 'em?

"I found it in the manger," gasped Sam, giving it to mamma.

"How came you with it?" ast my father, so sturnly that I began to shake.

But let me drop the curtain on the haroing scene, as they says in the storys. I will not polute the pages with what happened nex. Suffishunt be it to remark that for the following week my one grate thought was, "Oh, how I wish I was a Edison, so I could get out a patent for making injy-rubber little boys." When I gro up and have a family, I don't mean to punish 'em for what they didn't mean to do. Such unjustness is enuff to make a boy pack up his niteshirt an' his tooth-brush an' run away an' live with the injuns. Why don't they go an' buy another watch? There's plenty down to Mr. Goldsmith's julery store, 'stid of making such a fuss 'bout that.

NEW YORK WEEKLY.

NAMING THE BABY.

SEVEN years had we been married,
When this wee baby-boy
Came first to claim his share of love,
And bring his share of joy.

I remember I was sitting
In the twilight, cool and gray,
And waiting for my husband.
He was three weeks old, that day.

(The baby, not the husband,
Was three weeks old, you know),
And soon I saw him coming,
And he kissed us, bending low.
The husband—not the baby—
Bent and kissed us where we sat ;
And I said, "This boy must have a name,
John, what do you think of that?"

"Of course," he answered, promptly,
"The child must have a name ;
Do you know that I've been thinking,
All day, the very same?"
"Well, then, why don't you name him,"
I asked, and he replied,
"Oh, you can name him—suit yourself,
And I'll be satisfied."

With sudden breath of fervor,
And patriotic thrill,
I said, "Let's name him Sheridan,
And call him Little Phil."
"Well! yes! Perhaps!" John doubtful said,
And a frown crept in between
His quiet brows, "But then you know,
It makes a man feel mean

"To think he's named a baby for
Some public puppet, who,

Before the world turns over,
May fall completely through."
Now brave-eyed, keen Phil Sheridan
Was quite my hero then,
I did not like to hear him classed
With common public men.

However, naming the baby was
The work to do that night;
So I said, "I'd call him Willie,
If I only thought I might."
"Pshaw! Willie! That's too common,"
John instantly replied.
"Well, what do you think of Herman?"
"It's rather dignified!"

"And how do you like Augustine?"
"Augustine! That sounds weak."
"Well, Moses! There!" indignantly;
"No, love, that's quite too meek."
"Then name him for yourself, you, John,
I'll promise to agree;
But I'll not suggest another name;
You find such fault with me."

"Oh, don't be nervous, wife,"
John said, and stooped to give
The baby's face a little pinch:
"I guess this boy will live
A few days more without a name;
I leave it all to you;
Just please yourself with anything,
And I'll be suited too."

Then off he went to brush his hair,
And whistled "Nellie Bly,"
While I bent over baby,
And had a little cry.
But when I spoke about a name,
'Twas always, "Please yourself."
Until the child was three months old ;
Poor, nameless little elf.

Then I was quite disgusted ;
And, so, one night I said,
While dreaming o'er my treasure,
And fixing him for bed,
"My pretty babe shall have a name
Before this night is gone ;
Now just to plague your papa,
I'm going to call you John.

"I know it is a homely name,
And it needs no witch to tell,
That for any sound of loving,
I might call you "boy" as well ;
But you see 'twill make him angry,
Or at least he'll be ashamed ;
And, then, before you know it, sir,
We'll have the baby named."

So, then, a moment later,
I checked a yawn to say,
"Here, husband, do take little John,
He's been so cross to-day."
Oh, what a flood of happy pride
And tenderness and joy
Lit up that fellow's features, as
He gazed upon his boy.

"Well! well! You're going to call him John;
That's sensible, I'm sure;
Look up here, little woman,
What makes you so demure?
John, Jr., has a solid sound,
And, then, you know, I knew
If you would only please yourself,
I should be suited too."

How could I crush such vanity,
By telling him my jest?
Or hinting that his name was not
The sweetest and the best
That ever graced a baby's brow,
Like coronal of fame;
And after all I questioned
Of myself, "What's in a name?"

And so I gave the matter up
And so the time ran on,
And so my husband thinks, I think,
I named that baby John.

LITTLE CHARLIE'S CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS EVE! What magic there is in the very sound of those two words! The eve of that beautiful festival so dear to every heart. The old and young alike hail it as a dear friend, whose very presence brings peace and good-will to every one. At least this ought to be the case; but it isn't always.

Eva Murray stood before the long glass in her dress-

ing-room, bright and radiant in her shining evening dress. It is Christmas Eve. With a happy, satisfied smile on her beautiful face, she nods back to the matchless figure reflected in the mirror.

"So you really intend going to Mrs. Stuart's to-night, Eva?" her husband inquired, entering the room at that moment.

"Yes, Charlie; you surely would not have me remain stupidly here at home," she returned, clasping a glittering bracelet on her rounded arm.

"But it is Christmas Eve, darling, and—"

"And you would rather keep me cooped up here than go where you know I will enjoy myself," she pouted, crossly. "But I am determined to go, and I think you very foolish not to go yourself."

"But, Eva, how little like Christmas time this is, to little Charlie. I don't believe that you have seen him to-day."

"No; I was out all the morning, and have been lying down this afternoon to be rested for the evening."

"But, Eva, has he no Christmas presents, poor little fellow?"

"Yes; I told Elsie to fill his stockings with candy and toys. I really don't think he wishes for anything else. If so, I thought you would supply all his fancies. You men know so well what to get for boys."

She handed him her soft white cloak and gloves to hold.

"Let the carriage come for me at two, Charlie. I suppose you will be 'tucked all snug in your bed, while visions of sugar plums dance through your head' by that time."

The beautiful lips parted in a rich smile.

"Come and say good-night to Charlie before you go, Eva. He is not well to-night. I think he has caught a dreadful cold, and I shall remain with him until he falls asleep."

"Very well."

She rustled past him into the beautiful nursery on the other side of the hall. Lying back on his pillows, his face flushed and feverish, and the blue eyes strangely bright, was little Charlie, their only child.

"How beautiful you are, mamma!" he cried, extending his dimpled arms to her.

"Good-night, Charlie; go to sleep soon like a good boy," and she stooped and kissed the tiny flushed face, never pausing to note how hot and feverish it was.

"Good-night, mamma;" and he put one small hand over his quivering lips that she might not notice that they did tremble in the childish disappointment.

Eva Murray passed down-stairs, and was put into the carriage by her husband and drove rapidly away to the gay throng at Mrs. Stuart's Christmas Eve party. Her husband turned slowly back into the house to take his seat again at his child's bedside. One glance showed him that Charlie had been weeping, and placing his hand on the mass of curls that crowned the tiny head, he inquired: "What has my little boy been crying for?"

"I did not mean to, papa; only I wanted to see mamma some more this evening. Elsie has been telling me about all the little boys and their mammas and their Christmas-trees; and I wanted them, too, papa, oh! so much," he sobbed, clinging to his father, who was leaning over him.

"You shall have a tree, Charlie, and everything that you wish on it."

"Even mamma?"

"Can't I be mamma, Charlie?"

"O papa! you are so good to me; but I should like to have a mamma like the other little boys;" and he cried again in his childish, sorrowing way.

"Shall I tell you a story, Charlie?" said the father, hoping to soothe the sorrow that he felt unable to lessen.

"Will it be about Christmas and the angels, papa?"

"Yes, Charlie;" and the strong man took the little fellow in his arms.

"Let me sit on your knee, papa, for my head aches very much."

He wrapped the child in a warm, soft shawl and took him into his lap. Leaning his cheek against the soft baby curls, Mr. Murray told his little listener the story of that first Christmas when the Father sent His only begotten Son into the world as a gift to men which should last for all time; and how the angels sang of peace and good-will to the shepherds as they were watching their flocks on the plains of Judea; how in all the world there was indeed peace and love among all men.

"Did the angels really say that to the shepherds, papa?"

"Yes, darling."

"Papa, I saw the angels last night."

"What do you mean, Charlie?"

"When I was asleep, papa, they came and stood just here by my bed. I was so lonely when I went to sleep, for Elsie was out, and my head hurt me so much." The little hand was passed slowly across the aching eyes.

"Does it hurt you now, Charlie?"

"Yes, papa, I hurt all over, and I am so hot and tired."

Poor little Charlie! The angels were very near to you then—so near that the kind faces almost touched yours as they bent above you.

"Papa, do little boys ever die and go away to the little Child that came down from heaven on that Christmas night that you have been telling me about?"

The strong arms clasped his child closer.

"Papa, if you would not feel very hurt, I would like to go and be with that kind Father who sent His Son to love us. And, papa, you could come too, after awhile, for God knows how much we love each other, and He would not keep you away from me very long."

"But I can't spare you, my little treasure." The man's voice trembled.

"But my head hurts here, and it will stop there, you know, papa; but oh! I love you so much;" and the tiny arms wound themselves lovingly around the father's neck.

"Dear little Charlie," murmured Mr. Murray, as the hot cheek pressed against his. "Are you very tired, my boy?"

"Very, very, papa." The angel wings folded silently—they were quietly waiting now. "If I go away before to-morrow tell mamma that I love her very dearly."

Little Charlie dropped into a fitful, feverish sleep. The father watched by his bedside. Strange thoughts crowded his mind, and his heart was full of anxious forebodings. A solemn stillness settled over the room; throughout the house an oppressive silence reigned.

Somehow, unconsciously, the brief years of his wedded life passed in review, and then all the great love of his noble, generous heart welled up in his soul, and seemed to centre in the dear boy who lay asleep before him,

and whose strange words he could not drive from his mind.

In the cold Christmas dawn Eva Murray came home.

She paused as she was passing the nursery, for distinctly she heard the tones of little Charlie's voice. Entering noiselessly, she stood at the foot of the bed. Leaning over it was the form of her husband.

"The angel has come! See, papa; it is standing at the foot of my bed. And oh! it looks just like mamma! Dear mamma!" cried the child, extending his waxen arms to the beautiful woman.

With a low cry she caught the child to her bosom.

"My little darling, it is no angel, but mamma; your own mamma come home to you to be as she should have been always."

"Mamma! mamma! O papa! mamma has come home to me! I am so happy!" And he wound his arm around Eva's neck, extending the other little hand to his father.

"Be very good to papa, mamma," was all he said.

When the Christmas morning dawned little Charlie was with the angels. And now in Charles Murray's home is a tender, thoughtful woman, the gentle companion of his manhood, the wise counselor to whom he always turns in every joy and sorrow. The old haughtiness is all gone, leaving her a worthy companion of the man whose name she bears.

THE NATURE OF MAN.

'T'WAS an early summer morning,
Bluest sky shone through the trees,
And the grasses rustled gently,
'Neath the soft wings of the breeze.

She was strolling toward the garden,
Looking fresh and sweet and cool;
On her arm, a silken pocket
Filled with dainty skeins of wool.

And he said, "Oh, may I carry it,
That little bag for you?
I wish there were some more important
Service I might do.

"But if you're to the garden going,
I'll escort you there,
And see you safely seated on the
Wide old rustic chair."

* * * * *

It was late one summer morning,
And the sun was glaring down
Upon the dusty tennis-court,
So hot and hard and brown.

She was strolling hither, thither,
Looking for a tennis-ball,
Vainly wondering whither, whither
Did the missing object fall.

He was lying in a hammock
That overlooked the court,
And when she sighed out, did he see
The object that she sought,

He seemed so very far away,
So lost in slumber deep,
That she turned and left that tennis-court,
Convinced he was asleep.

And things in life are very strange;
Ere she had turned away
That youth had wakened from his sleep,
And carelessly did stray

Toward a distant corner where
There lay a globe of yellow,
And shortly he was playing tennis
With another fellow!

LOUISE I. BEECHER.

THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

SHE was a bright and beautiful child, one who seemed born for a better career, yet one on whom the blight of intemperance had left its impress early.

Her father was a drunkard, a worthless, miserable sot, whose only aim and ambition in life seemed to be to contrive ways and means of satisfying the devouring fire that constantly burned within him.

Her mother had died when she was a mere child, leaving her to grow up a wild-flower in the forest, uncultured and uncared for.

Yet she was very beautiful; her form and face were of wondrous perfection and loveliness; her disposition was happy and cheerful, notwithstanding the abuse to which she was continually subjected.

She was poorly and scantily clad. Sometimes her ragged garments scarcely covered her nakedness, yet she was clean and tidy, and many felt strongly attracted to her, both from feelings of pity and admiration.

Some sent her pretty presents, some gave her good clothes, but her wretched father appropriated them and sold them at the village grogeries for drink.

Often she was seen skipping like a sprite, bareheaded and barefooted through the flowery fields. She was observed in the meadows and pastures picking berries, which she sold for a few pennies to kindly disposed people who patronized her.

She had a sweet voice, and many stopped to listen to her, as they passed the hovel where she resided, wondering how one could have the heart to sing amid such miserable surroundings.

The years went by; she grew to be almost a woman. She could not go to school or church, because she had nothing respectable to wear; and had she gone her wicked father would have reviled her for her disposition to make something better of herself and for her simple piety. He sank lower and lower in the miserable slough of intemperance, and yet, when urged by well-meaning friends, to leave him she clung to him with an affection as unaccountable as it was earnest and sincere.

"If I should leave him he would die," she said. "If I stay and suffer with him here, sometime I may save him and make him a worthy man."

Many would have given her a home, food, and comfortable clothes, but she preferred to share her father's misery rather than selfishly forsake him in his unhappy infirmity.

The summer passed, the berries ripened and disappeared from the bushes. The leaves turned to crimson and yellow, and fell from the trees. The cold November winds howled through the desolate hollows, while, scantily clad, she crouched in a corner of her inhospitable, unhappy home.

She was very ill; bad treatment, poor food, and exposure had brought on a fatal sickness. Her brow burned with fever. Even her wretched father, selfish and inebriated as he was, became alarmed at her condition as he staggered about the room upon his return at a late hour from the village tavern, where he had spent the evening with a company of dissolute companions.

"Father," she said, "I am very sick; the doctor has been to see me; he left a prescription. Will you not go to the village and get it filled?"

"They won't trust me, child," he said, gruffly.

"But I will trust you," she said sweetly. "There is a little money hidden in the old clock there, which I saved from picking and selling berries. You can take it; there is enough."

His eyes sparkled with a dangerous glitter.

"Money!" he exclaimed almost fiercely. "I didn't know you had money. Why didn't you tell me before? Didn't you know it belonged by right to me?"

She sighed pitifully.

He staggered to the clock, fumbled about for a few moments, and soon found what he was seeking.

"Yes, I'll go," he said, excitedly. "Give me the prescription."

He snatched it from her extended hand, opened the door, and disappeared.

The night grew colder. The sick girl crept into bed and tossed and turned restlessly. The oil in the old lamp burned out. The windows rattled, a storm came, and rain and hail beat upon the window panes. The old clock struck the hour of midnight. The drunkard did not return.

Poor girl, her soul became filled with apprehension and fear for him.

"I must go for him," she said. "He will perish, and it will be my fault." She crawled out of bed, drew on her scanty apparel and worn shoes, threw a ragged shawl over her head and shoulders, and went forth into the darkness, heroically facing the driving storm.

The morning came, clear, cloudless, and beautiful. The earth was cold and frosty. A neighbor, going early to the village, found two lifeless forms lying by the roadway. Beside the dead man lay an empty black bottle. The girl's white arms were clasped about his neck. Her soul had gone to intercede for him before the Mercy Seat on high.

EUGENE J. HALL.

AT THE STAGE-DOOR.

(From "Lines and Rhymes," by permission of John W. Lovell Co.)

THE curtain had fallen, the lights were dim,
The rain came down with a steady pour ;
A white-haired man, with a kindly face,
Peered through the panes of the old stage-door.
"I'm getting too old to be drenched like that."
He muttered, and, turning, met face to face
The woman, whose genius, an hour before,
Like a mighty power had filled the place.

"Yes, much too old," with a smile, she said,
And she laid her hand on his silver hair ;
"You shall ride with me to your home to-night,
For that is my carriage standing there."
The old door-tender stood, doffing his hat
And holding the door, but she would not stir,
Though he said it was not for the "likes of him
To ride in a kerridge with such as her."

"Come, put out your lights," she said to him,
"I've something important I wish to say,
And I can't stand here in the draught, you know,
I can tell you much better while on the way."
So into the carriage the old man crept,
Thanking her gratefully o'er and o'er,
Till she bade him listen while she would tell
A story concerning that old stage-door.

"It was raining in torrents ten years ago
This very night, and a friendless child

Stood shivering there by that old stage-door,
Dreading her walk, in a night so wild.
She was only one of the 'extra' girls,
But you gave her a nickel to take the car,
And said 'Heaven bless ye, my little one,
Ye can pay me back if ye ever star.'

"So you cast your bread on the waters then,
And I pay you back as my heart demands,
And we're even now—no, not quite," she said,
As she emptied her purse in his trembling hands.
"And, if ever you're needy and want a friend,
You know where to come, for your little mite
Put hope in my heart and made me strive
To gain the success you have seen to-night."

Then the carriage stopped at the old man's door,
And the gas-light shone on him standing there;
And he stepped to the curb as she rolled away,
While his thin lips murmured a fervent prayer,
He looked at the silver and bills and gold,
And he said: "She gives all this to me?
My bread has come back a thousand-fold,
God bless her! God bless all such as she."

JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

CHARITY GRINDER AND THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

EVER since I've come down from Peekskill I've intended for to write to Miss Griffin. Somehow, though, I've gone and put it off and put it off until it seemed to me I wouldn't never do it. However, last Sunday was a week, I did sot down and give her an account of most o' the things that I'd been through since I got to York, with the heft of what I could find out about the folks I visited, and all I reckoned about the rest—made it as interestin' as I could, and I put it in an envelope and directed it, so's to have it by me Monday mornin', when I intended to hunt up some relatives o' mine I'd heered was come to York.

Well, Monday came, and as I started out I said to Cousin Marthy (I'm there ag'in a spell):

"Where's the post-office, Marthy?"

"Goin' to put in a letter?" says she.

"Yes," says I.

"Oh!" says she. "Well, you needn't go to the post-office; only jest slip it into one o' them boxes on the lamp-posts. They'll do as well."

Says I: "Land alive, what's York comin' to? Be them post-offices?"

She laughs, and says she:

"Well, they're letter-boxes, and they save a long journey. They're quite a convenience."

"Of course they be," says I, and out I went to put the letter in first off before I did another thing.

I walked along, looking for a lamp-post, and soon I come to one. There was a box to it, and beside it stood

a young man in a plaid waistcoat and very ily hair smoking and whistling.

"Is this here the post-office, young man?" says I.

He looks at me a minute and grins—what fur, I'd like to know—and says he:

"Yes'm, and I'm postmaster-general of this corner."

"Oh!" says I. "Well, you needn't take such airs if you are. You government officials always presume on your position in society to be imperdent to them that's full as good as you, if not a little better. None o' your airs to me. I want a letter put into the office for Peekskill. What d'ye tax?"

"Oh!" said he, "that depends on weight, mum."

"Well," says I, "what does this weigh?"

I gin him the letter, and he balanced it upon his thumb, and says he:

"Well, this is a purty heavy letter. I'll tax seventy-five cents for it. It's less than it ought to be, but considerin' you're an old lady—"

"Like yer imperdence," says I. "Old!"

"Middle-age, I meant," says he.

"Oh!" says I; "say so next time. Seventy-five cents. What an awful postage!"

"It's owing to the rise in cotton and gold," says he.

"They went up double yesterday."

"Oh!" says I. "Well, I suppose it can't be helped. But I sha'n't write much more at that rate; correspondence would be too expensive. Will you take it safe?"

"Of course I shall," says he. "Come, now, my time is of value."

So I gave him the letter, and three twenty-five cent stamps, and went away, but as I looked back I saw him goin' into a liquor-store.

I didn't like the looks o' that, and it struck me I'd stop at Marthy's ag'in and ask her whether he was trustworthy. So I did. I tapped at the basement window and she came.

"Marthy," says I, "what kind of a fellow is the postmaster-general at the corner?"

"Hey?" says she.

"The postmaster-general at the corner," says I.

Says she:

"What on earth has been happening to you, now?"

So I up and told her. When I did she set to laughing until I thought she'd get hysterics. By and by, seeing how mad I was getting, she stopped and begun to explain—how't there warn't no such officiate, and how't the letter and the money was likely stolen.

"The letter aint," says I, "I seen him put that in the box."

"Oh!" says she, "then if it was stamped it will go."

"Land alive!" says I, "it hadn't no stamp on it. Up home I always give the money to the people at the office, and they put them on. So I thought he would. Where d'ye get stamps?"

"Oh!" says she, "I have plenty here," and she opened her pocket-book and gave me a couple.

"Now, if I had my letter out, I'd put it on," says I.

She laughed, and says she:

"You'll have to write another one."

But I was determined not to. I didn't say nothin' to Marthy, but I posted up to my bed-room, and got a long bit o' whalebone, and made a hook on the end of it with a pin, and then down I marched to the corner and began to try to get out my letter.

It was plaguey work. The little flap kept a falling

down, and fish as I could, I couldn't find nothin'. I've got a heap of spirit, though, and I kept on. At last the pin did stick in something, and I fished a letter up, so's I could stick in my fingers and get it out. 'Twasn't mine, though; 'twas directed to a Miss Albertina Briggs.

I was provoked, I tell you, and I held it in my hand while I fished again. About ten minutes after up came another. Then I thought I'd got mine, for sure, but this time 'twas a dirty affair, directed to Annie Rooney.

What on earth possessed me not to put 'em back, I don't know, but I held 'em while I went on peepin' into the little hole and forgettin' everything else, when down comes a hand on my shoulder, and a voice says in my ear :

"Caught you at last, eh?"

And there was a policeman.

"What are you doin'?" says he.

"Trying to get my letter out," says I.

"Needn't play the innocent on me," says he. "Come, give me your implements."

And he took away the letters and the whalebone and pin, and caught me by the arm, and marched me away up street.

There was a train of boys a mile long arter us, and I shrieked the hull way.

They took me to a station-house, and then the policeman says to the gentleman behind a desk :

"Here is the person who has been robbing the letter-boxes in this ward. I've jest captured her and her implements."

"Oh ! what a dreadful thing," says I. "I aint, Mr. Judge and Jury, I aint. I'm highly respectable and a

professor, and I'll have him sued for libel the minute I can write to my brother to come down and do it."

"Silence!" says the gentleman. "This is a very ingenious contrivance," and he looked at the whalebone and pin like an owl. "Were there any letters on her person?"

"Two," says the policeman, handin' 'em up.

"I was goin' to put 'em back," says I.

"Silence!" says the gentleman.

"Hold your own tongue," says I. "I suppose you'd like to hang me and not have me speak a word."

"This is useless," says the gentleman. "But in consideration of your age and sex I may promise you some clemency, if you give up your accomplices."

"Well," says I, "I kin knit, and work cross-stitch, and make paper flowers, and do tambour work, and I did once paint a piece on velvet, but the teacher finished it up."

"Is the woman crazy?" said the gentleman.

"Them's my accomplices," says I, "and I allers hev been considered accomplished up tu Peekskill."

"No evasion," said the gentleman. "If you are in league with light-fingered Dick you might as well own it."

"I aint engaged to nobody," says I. "Parson Scragg does call tu brother's now and then, but 'taint for me to say he comes to see me."

"She's a deep one," says the policeman.

"It will not avail her," says the gentleman. "I must commit her."

I knowed that was a legal term for sending me to prison, and down I flopped on my knees.

"Don't," says I; "I'll make a full confession."

"Very well," says the gentleman; and another sat down at his desk and begun to write.

"I'm Miss Charity Grinder," says I.

"Got that down, secretary?" says the gentleman.

"Yes, sir," says he.

"I'm from Peekskill," says I, "and my brother is named Jonathan, and I belong to Dr. Cluppins'—"

"Is he one of the gang?" says he.

"Gang?" says I. "He's our pastor."

"Oh!" says he.

"I come tu York to visit my relatives and see the sights," says I; "and if this is one of 'em, I wish I'd stayed at home. I wouldn't never hev been here if it hadn't been for the postmaster-general."

"Gracious goodness! what does the woman mean?" says the gentleman.

So I told him the hull on't about the letter and the seventy-five cents, and all, and says I:

"I didn't want nobody else's, but when I'd fished 'em I was afraid of catchin' 'em ag'in, so I didn't want to put 'em back, Mr. Judge and Jury, until I'd got mine. If that there policeman had knowed his duty, he'd hev seen I was a respectable lady, and never have took me up for a highway housebreaker."

Then I give him Cousin Marthy's address, and told him she knowed 'twas all true. It appeared he was well acquainted with her husband, and he begun to believe me.

He called a policeman and sent him to the house, and as I walked home all the sassy boys we met kept a-hollerin', "There goes the woman that was took up."

MARY KYLE DALLAS.

SHE LIKED HIM RALE WEEL.

THE spring had brought out the green leaf on the
trees,

An' the flowers were unfolding their sweets tae the
bees,

When Jock says tae Jenny, "Come, Jenny, agree,
An' say the bit word that ye'll marry me."

She held doon her heid like a lily sae meek,
An' the blush o' the rose fled awa' frae her cheek.

But she said, "Gang awa' man!

Your heid's in a creel."

She didna let on that she liked him rale weel—

Oh! she liked him rale weel—

But she didna let on that she liked him rale weel.

Then Jock says, "Oh, Jenny, for a twal-month an'
mair,

Ye ha'e kept me just hangin' 'twixt hope an' despair.

But, oh! Jenny, last night something whispered tae
me

That I'd better lie doon at the dyke-side an' dee."

Tae keep Jock in life, she gave in tae be tied;

An' soon they were booked, an' three times they were
cried.

Love danced in Jock's heart, an' hope joined the
reel—

He was sure that his Jenny did like him rale weel.

Oh! she liked him rale weel!

Aye, she liked him rale weel!

But she never let on that she liked him rale weel.

When the wedding day cam', tae the manse they did
stap,

An' there they got welcome frae Mr. Dunlap,
Wha chained them to love's matrimonial stake
Syne they took a dram an' a mouthfu' o' cake,
Then the minister said, "Jock, be kind tae your Jenny,
Nae langer she's tied to the string o' her minnie;
Noo, Jenny, will ye aye be couthie an' leal?"
"Yes, sir; oh, yes, for I like him rale weel!"

Aye, she liked him rale weel!

Oh! she liked him rale weel!

At last she owned up that she liked him rale weel!

ANDREW WAULESS.

THE TENDER HEART.

(Permission of the Century Company.)

SHE gazed upon the burnished brace
Of plump ruffed grouse he showed with pride;
Angelic grief was in her face:

"How could you do it, dear?" she sighed.

"The poor, pathetic, moveless wings!

The songs all hushed—oh, cruel shame!"

Said he, "The partridge never sings."

Said she, "The sin is quite the same.

"You men are savage through and through.

A boy is always bringing in

Some string of bird's eggs, white and blue,

Or butterfly upon a pin.

The angle-worm in anguish dies,
Impaled, the pretty trout to tease—" "
"My own, we fish for trout with flies—" "
"Don't wander from the question, please!" "

She quoted Burns's "Wounded Hare,"
And certain burning lines of Blake's,
And Ruskin on the fowls of air,
And Coleridge on the water-snakes.
At Emerson's "Forbearance" he
Began to feel his will benumbed;
At Browning's "Donald" utterly
His soul surrendered and succumbed.

"Oh, gentlest of all gentle girls,"
He thought, "beneath the blessed sun!"
He saw her lashes hung with pearls,
And swore to give away his gun.
She smiled to find her point was gained,
And went, with happy parting words
(He subsequently ascertained),
To trim her hat with humming-birds.

HELEN GRAY CONE.

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